20 Space City:

Volumez.number 14 * dec. 12-21, 1970 * houston.texas





Gray Coyote Turns Red

Dear Space City!:

I was going about my business of cultivating ripe mesquite roots in my unnel this morning, as I do every day, when I heard a commotion at the entrance. It was my old friend, the Gray Coyote, but this morning he was painted a bright red. "Why are you painted red, Coy?" I asked him. He did not answer immediately, but grinned wider than ever and jumped up and clicked his paws together. "I've

been to Houston and joined the Red Coyotes!" he said, finally. "We're gonna save this state!"

"That's fine," I said, "But it's a mighty big desert, so you've really got a job ahead of you."

"Yes," Coy admitted. "It is a helluva job. But we're all young, and I figure that as long as fellas can sit down and smoke aspirin together, there's some hope left for Texas." And then he went loping into the distance, barking all the way.



Register To Vote

Space City:

Hi there friend. Are you plagued by headaches caused from frustration, worry, police harrasment with or without fists, an urge to turn to violence, or a combination of any of the above? Rejoice! A cure is at Hand. (The Family Hand, also The General Store, Switchboard, Inlet, The Grass Hut, Earth Leather, The Paisley Co., and Space City).

At each of these locations is located a little green card waiting to be picked up by you.

It'll do wonders for your head.

Just think, frustration eased by a longhair city councilman, worry can be reduced by a hippie on the Grand Jury indicting you or the regular jury trying you for possession of that addictive narcotic — marihuana, police harrassment can be slowed by a freak precinct judge, the violence urge channeled by winning from within. And don't think it can't be done . . .

This little green card is a voter registration card. If you will be 18 by March I, 1971, you may take one, but only for three minutes, for all you

have to do is fill it out and put it back, the rest will be done for you. And in a week or two, you will receive a receipt in the mail which is your permit to vote. When shown to the precinct judge at the polling place when you go to vote, it will compel he or she against his or her will to all w you to vote. Until '72, that is, when the precinct judge might be you.

As little as 100 votes in your precinct will control it. And together we can elect our own city councilman, district judge, and/or school board member. Those elections will be in Nov. '71. Also, you can't serve on any jury (Grand or regular) unless you're a registered voter.

You people (myself included) have been griping about the way things have been for a long time. Now is your chance to change it. But unless you vote, it won't get done. And remember, your votes counts. If you don't think so, you don't know shit.

If you don't vote, don't gripe.

Dead line for registering is January 31, 1971.

Larry Wilson

iniet wi

Paradise, Where Are You?

Dear Collective & Readers,

Well, folks, here I am in Guatematl, trying to work up a column. It was a rough trip down, but the scenery was nice, especially as seen through my Day-Glo glasses — they're opaque, so your imagination is all yours.

The Indians have been kind to me since I arrived, a little too kind: 1 am pleased with twenty-five lovely pubescent maidens, but not all in one night! Otherwise, the days are passed in an indolence and luxury that is frightening to an old Presbyterian like me, so used to the Amerikan compulsive labor ethic. Women's Lib has not yet arrived, so men and women share the work.

Papayas and mangoes hang from

the trees, all you have to do is pick them, but I am busy reaching for them maidens. I haven't been able to get the high priest to tell me where they keep the Ololiuqui yet; he keeps offering me grass resin — pounds and pounds of it — how ridiculous can he get, to hand me such tripe?

To tell the truth, I'm getting fed up with it. If somebody doesn't produce paradise pretty soon, I'm going to have to come back to Houston and face reality, and you know how I hate to face reality — if I did I might have to quit the construction company and go to work.

Glumly, Brain O. Granite Eastapacifichuatl, Guatematl

	AYEAR 3 TO G.1.'S FREE TO, SOMERS	2 Subs for \$9. 3 Subs for \$12	SPAGE GITY/I 1217 WICHITA HOUSTON, TEX. 77004
	Name Address_	Ndm Addr	
	City	Zip Stat	
0	EGERT	GIVE SPACE C	e Zip Ity to your sisters Rs this XMAS .

Vietnam

by Jim Shannon

Does anybody remember Vietnam and peace marches? (All we were saying was give peace a chance.) People were pretty uptight a few years ago, with draft calls high, and deferments becoming scarce. Hundreds of thousands of people in the streets all over the country saying to LBJ and the rest of Amerika that this war is fucked. There was a lot of agitation in a lot of places over the war. Liberal politicians running for office on peace platforms, housewives and businessmen for peace, widespread student unrest - all of which let Johnson know that a lot of people were really fed up.

Bullshit reforms did a lot to ease the pressure on the government; the lottery system decreased uncertainty over the draft, some troops were withdrawn and some bombing was stopped: some of the more moderate people who came in towards the end of the mass actions swallowed Nixon's lies about his quest for peace.

Many more people began to see, however, that no matter how many millions of people stood and screamed and waved two fingers in the air, Nixon and Agnew and Mitchell and Laird and all their Pentagon cronies weren't going to give peace a chance, and that marching around singing songs about peace wasn't doing anything for the Vietnamese people. So the mass marches and agitation stopped. "After all, the draft isn't on my ass so hard any more, and the marches don't do much, so why bother?"

Well people, here's some news for ou: THE GODAMN WAR IS STILL GOING ON, AND THE AMERIKAN POWER STRUCTURE IS STILL IN-TENT ON KEEPING THE PUPPET

GOVERNMENT OF "SOUTH VIET-NAM" IN POWER EVEN IF THEY HAVE TO KILL EVERY PERSON IN THE COUNTRY TO DO IT and we better get on the stick and tell Dick that the war had better end here and now, period!

Maybe if we take a closer look at the way things have been coming down we can tell what's really going on. A couple of years ago the was really flying heavy and ole LBJ decided that it might be a good tactical move to ease up on the bombing for a while, in order to convince people that he really wanted peace.

Unfortunately, that was all it took to restore faith in the system for a few sell-out liberals. Most people knew the move was a fraud, but you can't criticize the slackening of bombs, and this confused a lot of peace freaks who weren't sure what was going on. Anyway, the point is that the mass action and unrest had some effect. Everyone's attention was riveted on the war, and the administration had to tread lightly.

The marches kept on, however, but didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and in fact, the whole thing got a little boring. This brought on the celebrated anti-war doldrums. People wondered if the anti-war movement was dead. People were starting to channel their energy into other struggles, like freeing Huey and building alternate institutions. Then the shit once again hit the fan: Nixon invaded Cambodia. All over the country, people were angry like never before, flames of contempt for a Pignation-with-no-respect-for-life were rekindled with new rage. Four of our brothers and sisters were killed at

Kent State protesting this insanity. Hundreds of college campuses shut down; buildings were bombed and burned; Nixon was really spooked.

The troops pulled out on schedule, and things quieted down once again. Attention shifted to new areas. Summer had come and people seemed to be thinking about other things. Carl Hampton was murdered, Huey was set free, Angela Davis went underground, Tim Leary escaped from prison. Vietnam lost preference in people's heads. Vietnam wasn't an issue at all in the last elections, and what happened just after the elections shows why we have to start dealing with all this.

Since it wasn't a big thing in people's heads, Nixon figured it was a good time to pull some stunts. First there's this thing about some reconnaissance plane that was supposedly shot down over North Vietnam, which in the eyes of the Pentagon is a real atrocity. So this gives them a good excuse to do some bombing raids in retaliation for this "outrage". The first time extensive bombing raids have been carried out in two years, purposefully done at a time most likely to catch people asleep in bed. Why didn't people freak out like they did about the Cambodian invasion? Why no mass national reaction?

Tricky Dick made sure that there was sufficient diversion to offset his criminal action against the Vietnamese people. Did you catch the riff about the P.O.W. camps raids which happened to occur at the same time as the bombing? A group of soldiers captured a camp that just happened to be empty. Well, to see the coverage in the newspapers you would think captured the whole fucking country. Front page headlines - tv and radio newscasters screaming about it, heart-rending stories about how the soldiers cried when they found no prisoners to liberate, etc., etc. It really made me sick.

Their intelligence tells them where an abandoned camp is, so they stage a raid to make sure the bombings don't get too much play. The only injury was some guy who dropped a battery on his foot, but Dick gives them all medals, and they are honored at halftime of the Army/Navy game on nation-wide tv. Put this together with all the stories about prisoners in Vietnam that have been circulating around lately, and you've convinced your average citizen on the street that the U.S. is doing a good job, fighting the enemy.

Since the administration has declared that it is "going public on the POW issue," as Melvin Laird puts it, things have really picked up for the PR campaign that is supposedly sponsored by wives and relatives of the prisoners. The administration has sent top officials around the country to counsel and advise the families and has encouraged congressmen and senators to join in public statements on behalf of the POWs.

The U.S. Post Office started selling 135 million POW/MIA (missing in action) stamps two days before

Old movie flyboy Jimmy Stewart has just signed a fund-raising letter

that will go out to 600,000 potential contributers. It begins, "Mommy, will Daddy be home for Christmas this

Only slightly more grotesque are the millions of "Have a Heart, Hanoi" bumper stickers that have been printed

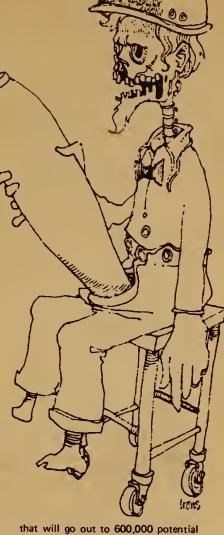
The admen who aren't busy peddling cigarettes or vaginal deoderants will be working on saturation bombardment of radio and TV during the Christmas season, reminding us not to forget our imprisoned fellow country-

And, as a munificent gesture of the country's esteem, the Washington Post reports that the administration "has cut red tape and gained favorable tax rulings on behalf of the POWs. American servicemen had been limited to investing a maximum of \$10,000, drawing 10% interest, in foreign banks. That ceiling has been lifted for our POWs."

Nixon thinks that now he can escalate the war against Vietnam, because it is too far removed from people's heads. It is apparent that these new bombing raids are just the beginning. They're probably still congratulating themselves up in Washington about the hoax they pulled, and are waiting to pull some more - for they know the only way they can defeat the Vietnamese is to blast them off the face of the earth. The struggle against Amerika in Vietnam is a people's struggle, not a "misguided against Amerika in Communist effort to seize control" as they would have you believe. The masses of the Vietnamese people have decided the fate of their country, but formal power is still in the han reactionary regime held in power by Amerikan dollars, weapons, and troops.

Pig-Amerika's actions in Vietnam are like they are in countless other situations - contrary to the will and best interests of the masses of people, serving only corporate capitalism, the military-industrial complex. The decision people have to make is whether to side with the people or the pigs it's as simple as that. People who long





TENANTS ON STRIKE

by Suzi Somppi

The Pleasantville rent strikers are still holding on, gaining in numbers and building community organization for their eight-week-old strike against United Management, the firm that the people of Pleasantville have been paying outrageous rents to for over 20 years. Weekly meetings of the striking renters, the Pleasantville Committee for Community Improvement, have grown greatly in size over the past weeks; it was estimated by one of the four main organizers, Arthur Murray, that a majority of the renters at Pleasantville are now on strike, either putting their weekly rent money into merely withholding their money from the landlord.

Eviction notices were sent to the four organizers Nov. 5, ordering them to appear in court the next day. Instead, the strike organizers filed an injunction to have this suit changed from District Court to Federal Court, on the grounds that it was a retaliatory eviction. This first filing didn't go through and another was filed the 16th, and then when the suit changed courts it had to be re-filed again the 23rd. The excitement finally came on Monday, Nov. 30, to the tune of several car loads of county pigs who came storming into the community with eviction notices for the four strike organizers.

While the first belongings of these four people were being moved out, a phone call came through with news of the long-awaited court injunction against the eviction, forcing the pigs to cease their happy task. No score for the pigs — police or landlord variety.

The United Management rent offices quit shop Fri., Dec. 4, leaving the strike headquarters as the only main office for the community.

A continuation of the legal hassles followed Mon., Dec. 7, when the injunction expired and the Pleasantville friends returned to finish their dirty work. The four organizers named in the eviction notice had already moved from their apartments by this time, however, and still plan to work strongly for the rent strike.

"I shall return," said Fred Pacifica as he tuned in to the stereo static at 90.1 FM. And it's true. Twice-bombed KPFT shall rise again from the rubble of its transmitter. Present project.ons look to mid-January as the likely date of the resurrection.

Police — to nobody's surprise — have failed to apprehend any culprit in either of the bombings. The sheriff's department, under whose jurisdiction the case falls, has never evidenced much interest in the case. In the seven months since the first dynamiting, sheriff's investigators have come to talk to the Pacifica staff only once. This visit came a few weeks ago, just after word went out that a local paper was going to do a story that





Some of the folks at Pleasantville.

Photo by Bill Casper

The complexes of several "family" units (consisting of two small bedrooms, living room, bath and kitchen - hardly enough for a family of four) now bear huge hand-painted signs about the strike: "Be Advised — Tenants on Strike." The apartments are extremely run-down and dilapidated, and understandably so, because they have never been kept up by any of the landlords since their construction four years after World War II. The tenants could hardly struction afford to put their own money into the apartments either, since they are already paying from \$80 to \$100 for living quarters not worth half that

The Federal Housing Authority and United Management (David Turkell, Pres.) are presently battling which of them is going to be resp. nsible for the future of this area. Prior to the rent strike, no one, least of all the FHA or

Turkell, was concerned about where Pleasantville was, let alone interested in their demands. If United Management doesn't do something fairly soon, the city will condemn the units, and the area will revert to the FHA, which already holds the mortgage. Consequently, the FHA, is putting pressure on the present landlord to deal with the strikers now, because the FHA is just as wary of having to bargain with rent strikers as Turkell.

The board of the P.C.C.I. will soon be meeting again with Turkell and other representatives to discuss the possibility of getting a grant from the Federal Housing Code for \$85,000, to cover just the initial work needed to be done on the buildings. This would be only a part of the estimated \$250,000 necessary to complete the remodeling and landscaping that should be done to the complexes.

The rent strikers have joined the National Tenants Organization — a nationwide group formed to bring together tenants to help each other in getting demands answered, sharing tactics, and working as a coalition. The newly formed Houston organization is HOTA — Houston Organized Tenants for Action. HOTA has plans to build a city-wide program to assist other areas in Houston that also suffer from poor conditions, little community organization and exploitative land-lords.

Meanwhile, Pleasantville residents continue to strike, organizing one of the few strong rent strikes in this area of the country. And they could use your support — financial or spreading the word wherever possible. Send contributions to Andy Moran, Chairman of P.C.C.I., c/o Pleasantville community, 8400 Market, Houston.

Pacifica News

would show that Buster Kern's boys had done practically nothing on the case.

During the time that bombing no.2 was current news, deputies from the sheriff's department told several representatives of national media that they knew the identity of the saboteurs and that arrests would come in a few days. Time has proved this story to be simply a smokescreen.

In the absence of any great interest by the sheriff's department, Pacifica launched a campaign to get the FBI in on the case. The Nixon administration's law 'n order, anti-terrorism rhetoric didn't seem to apply to our home-grown right-wing variety of terrorist. The FBI had refused for months to enter the case, claiming lack of jurisdiction.

They finally agreed to come in

after a several weeks publicity campaign including statements by several broadcasting industry biggies and culminating with a personal message to the White House from CBS president Frank Stanton. So far, however, the Feds have not proven any more zealous in pressing an investigation than the sheriff.

The lack of any arrests, coupled with the dismal prospects for any forthcoming, have caused immediate hardships to the station by making its thousands of dollars of equipment almost uninsurable. It has also left KPFT without a broadcasting tower since no other station in town wants to share facilities with a bomb target. The apparent lack of interest on the part of law enforcement agencies means, of course, that the Pacifica bomber will feel that he can strike again with impunity. He's probably

right. Pacifica staffers are certain that when they return to the air, a third attempt will be made to knock them off. And they are making plans to ensure that the attempt fails.

Fund-raising activities have gone fairly well for the station thus far. Several thousand dollars have been secured, but more is needed to complete the expensive process of getting back on the air. Right now, it looke like the station will have to build its own tower.

The news is not all bad though. Shortly after return to air, KPFT should have completed work on its new production studio, allowing it to make more local programs and even to broadcast live studio rock bands. So Pacifica will be back, stronger than ever!

-Jake the Bandit



Carl Hampton Free Clinic

Photo by Bill Casper

The doors of the Carl B. Hampton Free Clinic, 2828 Dowling Street, will open at 5 p.m. on what would have been Carl's 22nd birthday, December 17. Beginning at 3 p.m. there will be speakers and songs celebrating the event. Everyone is invited.

The first patients that evening and for the following two clinic treatment days will be children receiving vaccinations. Leafletting the residents of Third Ward and contacting community organizations will inform all parents in the rea of the vaccination program. A physical examination program is planned as a follow-up

CLINIC HOURS

At the beginning the clinic will be open for medical care Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 5.9 pm and Saturdays from 1-6 pm. Hours will be added as staff commitments firm up and things begin running smoothly. There will be a receptionist at the clinic during non-treatment hours to take appointments. Health classes for example, nutrition and pre-natal care will be available to the community during those hours.

COMMUNITY SUPPORT

A community survey taken showed full support for a clinic, and numbers of people once skeptical that anything good could happen on Dowling Street and especially by People's Party II now poke approving heads in the door of the clinic.

FREE **CLINIC OPEN**

Materials and laborers are still needed. Call Switchboard (526-3666) or better still, come by 2828 Dowling St. and see what you can do to help. You cannot miss the clinic — a brother has painted an oil reproduction of the "Carl Lives" poster portrait on a sign bearing the clinic name.

Funds for use now and for continuing support should be mailed to the Carl B. Hampton Free Clinic account at the Riverside National Bank, P.O. Box 8385, Houston. All donations are tax deductable.

THE SPIRIT OF CARL LIVES INDEED!

Lee Baum for the



JEFF DAVIS HOSPITAL

HEALTH CARE **CRISIS**

What is the problem at Jefferson Davis Hospital?

Houston has very recently seen a health care crisis that may be only the first of many to come in the future. At Jeff Davis some 80 or more newborn babies were infected with a disease-causing E. coli bacteria. The outbreak of the epidemic came just at a time when the hospital district was requesting a small amount of funds (money already collected in past taxes and sitting in the bank) to be used for expanding the maternity ward facilities at JD.

The E. coli outbreak was a simple consequence of the overcrowding of preventing proper isolat of sick babies, insufficient staff, unsanitary conditions and indifference of the white professional staff toward providing good quality health care for the predominantly black patients. The outbreak was ample evidence of the crying need for change in the health care delivery system.

Clearly, JD Hospital has many problems which money would help solve. Most citizens are aware of this by now. even if the Harris County Medical Society (the association of M.D.s in

the county) is not. The most significant response of white doctors in this crisis has been to immediately and uncompromisingly protect the "little white god who can do no wrong" physician myth — the myth which is backed up by the strong reality and authority of a white male supremacist society.

The HCMS report on the outbreak indicated that it could have happened with equal probability at any other hospital in Houston and that having additional funds for an isolation ward at JD was not as important as the cleaning of hands by other hospital personnel (a view shared by at least one of the county commissioners). Responsibility for the crisis, then, lies without themselves.

But the question needs to be answered: why hasn't an epidemic of this sort occurred anywhere else in Houston? Administrative Asst. Mrs. Eleanor Grainger of Methodist Hospital says, obviously challenging the HCMS position, "We may have had an isolated case of E. coli, but I can't even think of one. There hasn't ever been an epidemic here."

So let sick black babies and sad black mothers be as they may. The

sickness and the sadness is not an illusion. It is a concrete fact. And there appear to be no immediate efforts being made to change the situation. (For a striking exception, see article on Carl B. Hampton Free Clinic elsewhere in this issue.)

But Jefferson Davis Hospital has other major problems that money can't solve.

Jeff Davis is a charity hospital. Services are performed at a cut rate. Unfortunately, the quality of health care is distinctly cut rate too. I can talk from personal experience, since I was one of many offering the cut rate

JD Hospital is used as an obsertraining and ground for white medical students from Baylor College of Medicine. I myself, as a freshman medical student last year, was invited to spend eight hours at J.D. to observe the labor and delivery ward and to generally get the "hang" of a hospital. Little did I know that before my eight hour session was over I would be participating quite directly in health care procedures I felt inadequately prepared to deal with.

Appearing insecure myself and

looking about 17 years old, I spent several hours peering down from my white middle class tower of culture ignorance at black women desperate with fear and uncertainty.

I remember asking myself if there should be fear and uncertainty in any woman's mind before the delivery process. I have spoken since then with many white women who have experienced instead joy and confidence, in spite of the pain.

It soon became apparent that evening (as several women were pushed up against the wall in a line in the hall, writhing on moveable tables) that the one senior medical student, the one intern and the one resident would not be able to keep up with the critical work that needs to be done just before

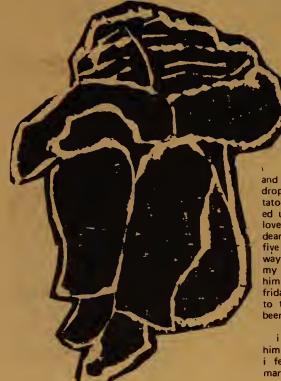
So at first I was asked to monitor fetal heart tones, then restart badly positioned I-Vs. Soon I found myself checking cervical dilation and finally ended up delivering, or more accurate-"catching" a baby delivered by a in the process of being strapped to the delivery table. At one time later on, all three qualified physicians were involved in a complication delivery in one operating room, while the other three rooms were occupied by women ready to deliver any moment and no one nearby qualified to do anything but assist.

Sure, you don't learn much except by your mistakes. But why are all the mistakes made at J.D. and Ben Taub Hospitals and not at Methodist or Hermann or St. Lukes?

More and more people are beginning to assert that it is a right of all women to have a long-term pre-natal instruction course, a safe, adequate surgical procedure, and substantial follow-up treatment post-partem. The crisis at Jeff Davis is just another in a long series of indications that black have been systematically denied these basic maternity health rights . . . the same rights that most white women have enjoyed for a long time.

> -Kim Shinkoskey Houston Health Organization 5

AIN'T I A WOMAN



i am a girl. i am a female. i am a woman.

i have tits, i have a cunt, some say i have one more rib.

i remember when i was ten years old, sittin' on the fence in my back yard tryin' to perform magic. i would say "okay, i'm gonna close my eyes and when i open 'em i'm gonna be a boy." silence. slowly i opened them again, looked down my pants but alas, there was no tom, dick or harry. "but i hate being a girl!" i said. "girls are so silly. all they ever do is play with dolls and cry. i don't wanna be like that. i hate myself! i hate myself! i hate myself!"

somehow i managed to live with myself anyway — climbin' trees, playin' football, but still playin' barbie dolls and cryin' from time to time.

then we moved to the big city. i enrolled in a wild school called landrum jr. hi. and learned all the words like fine, stud, grub, etc. i fell in love with guys in hollywood hair cuts and spent all my time teasin' my hair, wearin' make-up and puttin' on tight skirts to entice these boys. the first thing any of us girls would say to each other when we saw each other was, "hi, so-and-so, who do you like now?"

i remember one time on western day when we got to wear jeans — well i had this fine pair of white jeans and they were so tight that my mother had to use pliers to zip em up for me.

well finally i grubbey (made out) for the first time and so the boy i grubbed with asked me to go steady the next day in gym during square dance. although i didn't realize it then, my whole existence, awake or asleep, was centered on boys. i had finally decided that since i couldn't be a boy, the next best thing was to catch one. 'cause just bein' a girl alone could get you nowhere. the most popular girls were either the ones who went with the finest guys or else the ones who the finest guys called on the phone every night.

and I was 13. he was a high-school drop-out, a race-car driver and had tatooes and a 1955 metallic blue souped up 327 chevy. oh, was i ever in love. he looked exactly like james dean. it left such a scar that even now, five years later, it still hurts! weil anyway i had to sneak off with him cause my parents didn't like him. i'd meet him at the oak village theater every friday and saturday nights and we'd go to the drive-in and grub and drink beer.

i would do absolutely anything for him except let him go "all the way." i felt i must remain a virgin until married.

my happiness depended entirely upon him. if he didn't call me just one night i would cry myself to sleep. i used to get real sentimental about him and sit home and play records like "i love how you love me" by the paris sisters, "to know him is to love him" by the teddy bears and "will you love me tomorrow" by the shirells, etc.

one time i heard he'd gone out on me and i tried to commit suicide by swallowing a bottle of aspirins. my friends dumped raw eggs down my throat, though, so i threw it all up, how many guys do you know who have tried to commit suicide cause their girlfriends didn't call?



well finally jimmy ended up getting married to a woman i now would call a sister but who i then called a bitch, whore, slut, etc. a few years later he ended up in prison for armed bank robbery (he's out now and i hear telthat he's been askin' for my phone number, weird, huh?)

so i went on to high school and hung out with football players for a while until boom! surfin' u.s.a! i got me a yellow polkadot bikini (literally) and started hangin' out at the beach every weekend. i hardly ever surfed though cause i was too embarrassed to try it in front of all the guys. anyway it was more fun sunbathin' on the beach and seein' how many dark; muscley guys came up and talked to me. i also remember the agony and starvation i put myself through everytime i went to the beach. first of all, i'd try not to eat the whole day before but i for sure wouldn't eat the morning before so that my stomach wouldn't stick out.

finally i graduated from that level of bullshit to the hippie level, i started turnin' on and decided i wanted a hippie boyfriend so i could be a hippie. (i didn't think i could be one myself—i had to have a guy to make my identity for me.)

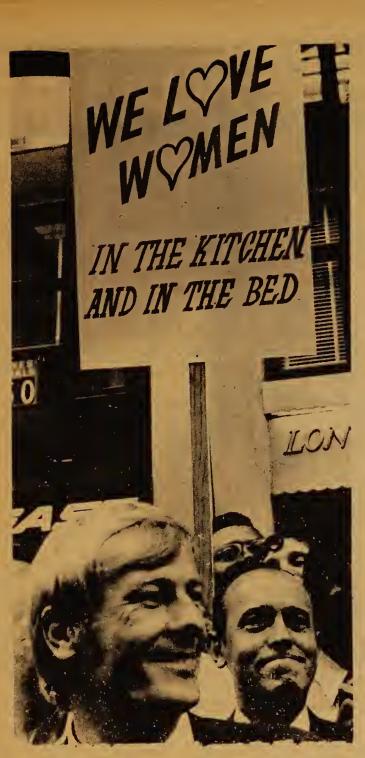
but wait a minute — it's the other way around. i decided i wanted a hippie boyfriend so i started turnin on and finally found one. i was so proud to walk around allen's landing with him, he really made me feel hip... and he was the one who gave me my first fuck... you know, that old bullshit free love line. if you wannabe hip, you gotta fuck.

but what's worse was the little game we played afterwards. you see, i cried, which is not unusual. cause it hurt like hell. wow! i remember swearin' to myself i would never fuck again after that, it hurt so bad. but he thought i was puttin' on an act. that it really wasn't my first time and i was just tryin' to play innocent! and it is a fact that lots of girls do lie about things like that cause for so long we've been thought of as cheap if we'd fucked around — whereas a guy's grooviness has always sorta been judged by how many "chicks" he'd laid — especially virgins.

well finally this guy got to be a real drag cause that's all he-ever wanted to do — even on the night of my first acid trip.

so i blew him off and went through a few more popcorn farts until i finally left houston and met a group of far out liberated freaks called the hog farm. they had just gotten to new mexico in their buses when i met them. the first night at the campsite this guy named fred the fed came up to me and said, "how would you like to sleep on my bus tonight?" i was so

then finally i found a true love, his name was jimmy hall and he was 18



stupid not to realize what he wanted so i slept there on this-giant bed with about six other people — and of course he ended up fuckin' me. i was scared to say no, cause then i might not sound hip enuff. a few nights later i fucked another guy, and a few nights later another. all the while feelin' kinda weird about it but then tellin' myself i was weird for feelin' weird about it cause free love is simply where it's at, from all i could gather.

finally though, after becoming part of the family and not looking up to them anymore, i was able to stand on my own two feet and say, "no — i don't wanna fuck with you or you or you. when i decide i wanna fuck, i'll let you know." which was hardly ever. i just didn't want to be a vaseline jar. i wanted to be a person.

luckily enuff, i was accepted as a person anyway. many sisters, however, are not so lucky — hog farm or anywhere. cause we have been treated as sex objects for so long that when it comes down to bein' a real person, some of us have honestly forgotten how. some sisters don't even know how to relate to men outside the bedroom.

as for women's liberation (uh-oh, i said the words!) i knew nothing about the subject, the men did the heavy work — bus drivin', stage buildin', settin' up the domes; the women did the cookin', the sewin', etc.

after travelin' around the country for a while i started hearin' rumors about some movement called womens "lib" chicks. "all they are is a bunch of dykes who wanna be just like men," is what everyone said. so i accepted it at that and didn't investigate any further. until i decided i wanted to

drive our new greyhound bus and butch wouldn't let me cause it's too hard for a "chick." and then a..other thing, and another, until boom! i couldn't take it no more.

i had to have someone to talk to, someone to encourage me that i am strong, that i don't have to play a certain female role but that i can do anything i wanna do and still be a beautiful woman. i suddenly realized that the true woman has hardly ever been found — she's been restricted to a limited role since the beginning of time.

we were in new york then so i went up to the office of RAT, an underground newspaper which had just been taken over by a staff of all women. i walked in expecting to see a bunch of masculine women with short hair, tshirts, blue jeans, big muscles and gruff voices. instead i found all types of beautiful, warm receptive women. some in pants, some in dresses, and so on.

okay, folks, this is what i was leadin up to. i just had to tell you about all the changes i went through in order to better explain how and why i feel the way i do now about that subject of all subjects — women's liberation.

i don't want to be a man. i'm proud to be a woman. i don't want to quit cookin' and sewin' forever. i just don't want it to be expected of me, that's all. and i want to see men do it, too. just like i don't want to expect al, the heavy work out of men, either. i wanna be strong, too.

some people say to me that girls like their roles and don't want to give them up. that is takin the easy way out, that way you don't have to spend the energy gettin' strong and you can keep depending on men for security

and the same goes for men. many eel threatened by the thought of women's liberation. cause then they won't have a woman to do all their housework for them, to submit to their every wish, to show off their muscles in front of. they won't have a woman to make them feel big, brave and smart, the thing is that most men don't realize they are oppressed also, they have always been taught never to cry - but cryin's only natural. they've been taught to hold back all their emotions and as a result it is hard for them to really get close to another person, especially another man. not only that, but they are the ones who must pay the bills and support the family, wouldn't it be much easier if it could all be shared?

i would just like to say that I like to have an equal relationship with my brothers. i don't wanna look up to them and i don't want them to look up to me. i wanna do things together with them, the way it was when i was a little girl and played with the little boy next door — before society started brainwashing us with all its bullshit.

i talked to so many people who believe we have been brainwashed by the amerikan institution, but when it comes to thinkin about the male and female roles we've also been taught by this institution, people somehow have failed to realize that that is just as much a part of amerika's brainwashing system as everything else.

i would like to be able to walk into the family hand without all the men lookin' my body over and the women stickin' their noses up at me cause they feel competition. it's a drag to realize how separated i am from all my sisters because we've all been taught to compete with others for so long. i used to be so jealous of girls with bigger tits than me.

and as for fuckin' — i still dig it, i just don't want it to be expected of me and i can always tell when it is, i must be related to as a person first or not at all.

and another thing — some say, well, if you women want full equality, you oughta be willing to be drafted. that's bullshit. no one should get drafted — men or women, however, would fight alongside my brothers if it was against something evil which was threatening us with death, such as the ruling class of amerika.

yes, folks, i wanna be able to take a moonlight walk anytime, any place, without having to constantly be on the guard for sex maniacs, and that is something that won't be changed even if all the laws were to include equality for women.



"Mother, what is a Feminist?"

"A Feminist, my daughter,
Is any woman now who cares
To think about her own affairs
As men don't think she oughter."

- Alice Duer Miller, 1915

nothing will ever be changed for women or men until we raise the people's consciousness, and to raise the people's consciousness, we must first smash the source of their unconsciousness — the owning of private property and its most evil form, monopoly capitalism, because capitalism is what has built women up as sex objects, it uses us to sell everything from cigarettes to late model cars, it puts beautiful women on the screen to make all other women wish they were beautiful, but who

capitalism ...lso thrivis eff women as it uses us for all its shit work — maid work, typing, phone-answering, etc., and it also keeps us in the home feeding and taking care of our men so that they can go out and participate in the capitalist world.

find the only way to be that beautiful

is to buy their heauty products.

so, until people are made aware of how decadent and deadly this system is, and are moved to tear it down and build a decent one, none of us — women or rnen — will ever be truly liberated. and that old nursery rhyme will still hold true: "girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice and boys are made of nails and snails and puppy-dog tails."

ugh.

— star gibson



Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention

gimme shelter!

We went up to Washington, D.C. the weekend after Thanksgiving, for Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention that had been called by the Black Panther Party, not too sure what was going to happen. Our uncertainty was soon confirmed by the fact that nobody else knew what was going on either, including the Panthers.

The convention was plagued with trouble from the start, largely because the Amerikan government conspired to derry the people the right to peacefully assemble. This is most obvious in the futile attempt to find a place to hold the convention. The first attempt to find a place was to secure the D.C. Armory. This was denied with the excuse that it was needed to house the National Guard in the event of violence.

Use of the Uni-ersity of Maryland was also denied, on the grounds that facilities were inadequate for such a large convention. This was nothing but a blatant lie since there are almost 50,000 people in the university community. With Howard University in D.C. it looked like a site had at last been found, but they also bowed to political pressure and withdrew their offer to house the convention. This is what really fucked everything up, because it wasn't clear until the night before the thing was supposed to start that there wasn't any place to have it.

While revolutionary people from all over the country turned out at a makeshift registration center in a nearby church, the Black Panther Party held a press conference for the assembled media — both pig and underground — condemning Howard's "total servitude and obedience to Richard Nixon and the rest of the ruling class clique."

The convention, as it was planned with both workshops and mass meetings, never happened. Instead, people just wandered around talking and hav-



-Berkeley Tribe

ing impromptu meetings. Women and gay people were the most together, and held several sizable meetings.

That night, Friday, Nov. 27, a rally was held in Mafcolm X Park, a few blocks away from the church we were hanging out at. It was surprising how many people were actually there, once you got them together in one place.

Although the establishment press reported only a crowd of about 1,000, the actual figure was closer to 7,000.

The Lumpen, a Black Panther revolutionary music group, played, and Big Man, Deputy Minister of Information spoke. We danced and sang and shouted and chanted; it really felt good to get loose with 7,000 right-on

brothers and sisters. The next day, there was more of the same hanging-out at the church, with even larger numbers of people than the day before. Some men had a meeting to discuss ways that this society has fucked us up, especially in our attitudes towards women and each other. This broke up into small discussion groups of five or six people and was pretty good. About four o'clock that afternoon, everybody started moving back down to the church, where the Lumpen were supposed to play and Huey Newton was going to speak. It was soon apparent only a very small percentage of the crowd was going to be able to squeeze inside.

Huge loudspeakers were set up outside to broadcast the program to the assembled thousands. After the Lumpen and two other speakers (Robert Scheer from Ramparts magazine and Michael "Cetwayo" Tabor of the New York Panther 21), Huey got up and spoke for about two hours about fascism and revolution and intercommunalism (more about that next issue).

The pigs apparently won a minor victory by forcing the RPCC to be postponed, both through the hassles over the location and by arresting and jailing many Black Panthers so they couldn't come. What they don't understand is that these little bullshit victories aren't going to stand very long, because once it is subjected to the power of the people Pig-Amerika's gonna fall. You can stop the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention one time, but there ain't no way you're gonna stop the revolutionary people.

VENCEREMOS!

We Will Win!

- Jim Shannon

THREE RAIDS, 31 BUSTED

POLICE RAID N.O. PANTHER OFFICE: SISTER IS SHOT

NEW ORLEANS (LNS) — During the Thanksgiving weekend Iull, police snapped up the chance to make three more raids on the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF), located in the low-income Desire Project. They busted 31 on charges ranging from attempted murder, criminal anarchy and criminal damage of property, to trespassing. One NCCF member, Betty Powell, was shot in the chest and is in fair condition. The NCCF is the local organizing arm of the Black Panther Party.

New Orleans NCCF members have been spending a lot of time in court recently since 200 police tried to raid the NCCF office on November 19 and were forced to retreat when nearly 1000 community people turned out to protect the Committee members. The police claim the Committee is illegally occupying the apartment and claims it is merely trying to evict them. Lawyers for the NCCF filed a suit in court charging that the trespass law is unconstitutional because it is so vague. Since the case has yet to be decided,

the police agreed not to file trespassing charges against the NCCF.

The first bust came when four cars, rented by Jane Fonda, filled with NCCF members, and their supporters started down the highway to the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention. The police had set up a roadblock and laid in wait for them. The 25 were charged with, yes, criminal trespass as well as criminal anarchy. A few of the people busted were white which makes the idea of them trespassing by working in the NCCF office pretty ridiculous. Fourteen (the whites and a few others) were released.

Obviously waiting for chapter members to move out of the protection of the people in their neighborhood. Police Superintendent Clarence Giarusso commented: "I don't know if Miss Fonda is aware that she unwittingly helped us. I thank her."

In the early dawn hours of Thanksgiving Day, the cops, delighted after the success of their earlier bust, decided to raid (or as they put it, "clean out") the NCCF office when few of the Desire Project residents would be around. Presumably, the police intended to arrest the Committee members for trespassing and when they resisted, to smack on other charges.

The whole area was inundated with Black plainclothesmen, snooping about. One came to the door dressed as a clergyman. At 2 am, the raiding party went for its target. When asked how many shots were fired, o e of the police raiders said, "Quite a few. We fired maybe seven or eight shots after we broke the door down and they started shooting." Only a year after Fred Hampton and Mark Clark's deaths, that scenario is too familiar. Betty Powell was shot in the chest.

The charge of trespassing didn't hold up in court since the law itself has yet to be ruled on. But that's OK because they also had the attempted murder, criminal anarchy, criminal damage of property charges.

The evidence of criminal damage to property for example was a hole that was drilled in the floor. The bond set for that offense was \$10,000 per person which a Black judge later knocked down to \$2,000 for each man and \$1,500 for each woman. As one New Orleans resident said, "If you know the Desire Project you know each apartment isn't worth any \$2,000.

The third raid almost took place on Sunday Nov. 29. For quite a while there has been intensive police surveillance of the headquarters. (The police have taken an interest in the Desire project — something which they haven't done when it comes to rooting out pushers.) Sunday they noticed some lights in the office and hurried over and broke in. They saw three figures leaving. They found one box of shells which they described to the press as "a considerable amount of ammunition."

As shown by their vast turn-out for the unsuccessful police raid on Nov. 19, the residents of the Desire project are behind the NCCF. "This time the people were taken by surprise," said one resident.

REALBREAD

FOR REAL PEOPLE

Organically grown, stone ground, whole wheat
Green Acres Organic Foods
13.8 Wasthelder Houston

Isla Vista Activists Found Not Guilty In Arson Trial

SANTA BARBARA (LNS) — A superior court jury has refused to convict on felony charges any of the 11 students or former students at the University of California at Santa Barbara charged with arson in the burning of the Bank of America here last February.

In the longest criminal trial in Santa Barbara history, the jury had to decide the verdicts of over 40 charges coming out of an incident Feb. 25, when rioters burned down the Isla Vista branch of the Bank of America.

Four of the 11 defendants were convicted of misdemeanor charges of participating in a riot and urging to riot. Two of the accused were acquitted and the jury was unable to reach a verdict regarding the remaining five.

When the verdicts were first read in the courtroom of Judge John West-

wick, two of the defendants were pronounced guilty of arson — William Hoiland, 22, and Richard Fisk, 21. But when the judge polled the jury, the first juror who rose denied that he agreed with the guilty verdict against the two.

The dissenting juror was Joseph Keefe, a librarian at UCSB and the last to be seated on the panel when the trial began. The astonished judge then declared the verdict invalid, and said that the jury was unable to reach a verdict on Hoiland and Fisk.

The prosecution let out all the stops for the summation. DA William McCracken, characterized the defense witnesses as a "pack of liars." This was too much even for the judge — he followed the summation by telling the jury to disregard McCracken's statement that "Kunstler came to town



Santa Barbara Bank of Amerika—after colliding with the wrath of the people.

LNS photo

(on Feb. 25), did his job, and left, and the Bank was in ashes."

Greg Knell, 21, one of the defendants, said after the trial was over, "The case was a fraud, a hoax from the very beginning . . . The prosecution was only interested in harassing and prosecuting the leadership of Isla Vista. Every single person who was on trial was innocent of every single charge."

The arson charge actually pertained to a blaze that began four hours previous to the fire that eventually destroyed the \$250,000 bank. The first involved a burning refuse truck that was pushed into the building. No one was ever charged with the actual burning of the bank.

- College Press Service

J. Edgar's Freakout: The Catholic Conspiracy

by Pete Hamill

NEW YORK (LNS) — Well it looks as if old J. Edgar Hoover has finally come full circle in the history of American paranoia. He has just about exhausted the Communist bit, and he hasn't had much success with getting his crew-cut, pinkskinned, agents into the Black Panthers, Weatherman, or even the Mafia. But Hoover must always have a Secret Peril. So now he has returned to one of the oldies but Goldies from the 19th Century. Yup. Catholics.

Catholics, of course, used to be the favorite stars in the long-running American conspiracy serial. Most of them were foreigners. Even the second and third generation owed allegiance to a foreign power (Rome). They set up secret organizations like the Knights of Columbus, where they swore secret oaths. They had a tendency to debauchery and they raised huge families, obviously part of the Pope's plan to have his minions conquer America from bed. In the 19th century, they were the direct threat to the republic known to the imagination of man, which is where the threat existed. Even the Know-Nothing Party and the Ku Klux Klan couldn't eradicate them.

But the Catholics soon gave way to the Reds. This was a worse threat because ideological criminals were more difficult to identify . . .

And then in the 40s and 50s, came the worst ones of all. Harry Dexter White, and Alger Hiss, turning over China to the Communists. The Hollywood Ten, writing lines in their screenplays like "one for all, and all for one," poisoning a generation. Hoover tracked them down, asking for more and more money and getting it. While

his guys were reading the Daily Worker for clues about the conspiracy, the Mafia was buying Newark.

There was this East Coast (of course) anarchist gang, Hoover told a Senate Appropriations Committee. It was bossed by two Roman Catholic priests, Phillip and Daniel Berrigan, and it had plans to kidnap a White House official and blow up underground power lines in Washington.

The purpose behind these devious acts: to stop the bombing of human beings in Southeast Asia and to effect the release of all political prisoners. The usual anti-American nonsense. The group called itself the "East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives," and Hoover said it was a "militant group self-described as being composed of Catholic priests and nuns, teachers, students and former students."

To stop this vast black-robed conspiracy Hoover asked the sub-committee for a measly \$14.1 million to pay for an additional 1000 agents and 702 clerks. (Their employment has already been authorized by Congress.) This time the FBI could make no mistake. This time it wouldn't be another Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown or Bernardine Dohrn fiasco. This would be the greatest conspiracy ever broken by Hoover because the Berrigan brothers were already in jail.

Presumably Dan Berrigan is smuggling out holy communion wafers with the words "Right on," carved into them in Latin. But those priests can't fool Hoover; he's ready for their Christmas offensive, when they lead all the cons at the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury in the singing of "Adeste Fidelis," a pro-Castro

hymn if ever there was one.

We could laugh about all of this for a year if it weren't so outrageous. The Berrigan brothers are two of the most gentle, truly pacific people in this country. They have made the mistake of taking Jesus at his word, and of course, they are in jail. Since Pope John a lot of people, including many Catholics, have grown increasingly uncomfortable with the direction taken by the Church and its younger clergy.

That direction is against war, against the stupid accumulation of riches, against racism. To jail men who believe those things, or to talk darkly of violent conspiracies plotted by your own prisoners, is to see the world in a quite peculair way. Hoover is 75 and couldn't get a job as an elevator operator. It should be time to farm him out at last, before he writes any more comic books about his betters.

(This is an abridged version of a column Pete Hamill wrote for the New York Post)

STRIKE AT FOLSOM PRISON

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) —
Twenty five hundred p.isoners, the majority of the inmates at California's Folsom Prison, have been on strike since Election Day. They are refusing to leave their cells until Folsom prison authorities agree to negotiate inmate demands with a committee which the inmates say must include Huey Newton and Panther attorney Charles Garry.

Folsom prison authorities, led by Warden Thomas Craven, have refused to admit that the strike exists. Craven speaks only of "an unusually high rate of absenteeism" at prison workplaces. Otherwise, he claims, "prison conditions are pear normal."

The facts speak differently. There is a roadblock of prison guards at the prison and newsmen with proper credentials are being turned away. Lawyers and family are denied access to clients and relatives, and the daily media has consistently blacked out news coverage of the strike.

In several specific instances, news editors have killed interviews with striking prisoners written by sympathetic reporters. The only word one gets from Folsom are the distorted lies of Warden Carven's daily press releases.

The strike continues, and Folsom's industries, which produce everything from school furniture to license plates, are shut down tight. And the men say they are not going back to work until California prison authorities agree to pay more than the six cents per hour wage they now get.

The wage grievances of the prisoners' strike form only a part of the set of demands they have presented to the authorities. A strike leaflet smuggled out of Folsom says: "Our demands will encompass a broad spectrum of grievances, such as slave wages, too much time, the insanity of the indeterminate sentence law, and the Adult Authority (the demands will call for the immediate abolition of the two), the absence of prison officials and counselors of ethnic nationality, institutional and overt racism, medical incompetency, unfair mailing privileges, suppression of political literature, harassment, brutality, murder and

unchannel our our children!

"I'd like a Christmas present for an eight-year-old friend of mine."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"What does that matter - all I want to find is a neat present."

"..... But ... I can't give you advice without FIRST knowing whether the child is a boy or a girl ... I mean, we want to find the *right* kind of present ..."

Check out any toy department around Christmas and try to get help finding a gift without stating the child's sex — it's like someone trying to talk to a baby without first knowing whether it's a boy or a girl.

The oppression of women — and men — and the total role orientation of every person's life begins at the moment that the child is born and tagged "boy" or "girl" child. One obvious childhood manifestation of this role-emphasis of human lives, especially in Amerika, is in the toys made and bought for children.

Think of girls' toys: dolls, tea sets, cooking sets — and if you're lucky, a girls' bicycle . . . with the toys aimed at making little mommies and quiet passive young things out of girls. Then think of boys' toys: well, that's easy . . . they're all the interesting, take-apart and put-together toys to develop inventive, mechanical abilities — erector sets, lincoln logs, chemistry sets, trucks, trains, and don't forget the boys' bicycle. The list is endless. (Just think what would happen if the bike is being assembled on Christmas eve and the father finds out he purchased a girls' bike by mistake!)

The division of subject matter between boys' and girls' toys is really telling of the direction in which each child, according to sex, is being pushed. Boys' toys stress science, engineering, mechanics, athletics, military and other areas considered "masculine" by Amerika. And the girls get channelled quite nicely into cooking, taking care of baby, household "duties," helping mommy and generally learning to be nice, quiet, appealing, feminine little girls.

Given the sexist nature of children's toys and the early suppression of children into roles, people should be thinking about alternatives to buying the toys presently manifactured for children. These alternatives could include making toys for kids (use your imagination . . . some gift idea make it books aren't too bad . . . and check out the Whole Earth Catalogue), or going to Goodwill and other thrift stores and getting used toys and repainting them. Or what about pooling the toys of children of different families and passing the toys on when the kids get tired of them or outgrow them? (And if families are living communally, this is really easy . . .)

Also, by getting ideas from toy depertments, often you can devise better, more interesting, longer lasting toys than those offered by the manufacturing companies — toys made usually to last a grand total of 30 days.

With toys then being made and collected for children in general, and not for boy children and girl children, a great deal of the role orientation now pushed on children would cease to exist. There is no reason why a boy can't play with dolls, and then become more able to deal later with the equal upbringing of children. Nor is there any reason why girls shouldn't become familiar with mechanical toys and then later have some sense of the workings of engines and machinery.

If you're doing the Christmas toys this year, forget about whether the child is a boy or girl, and instead con"Some day all this will be yours."

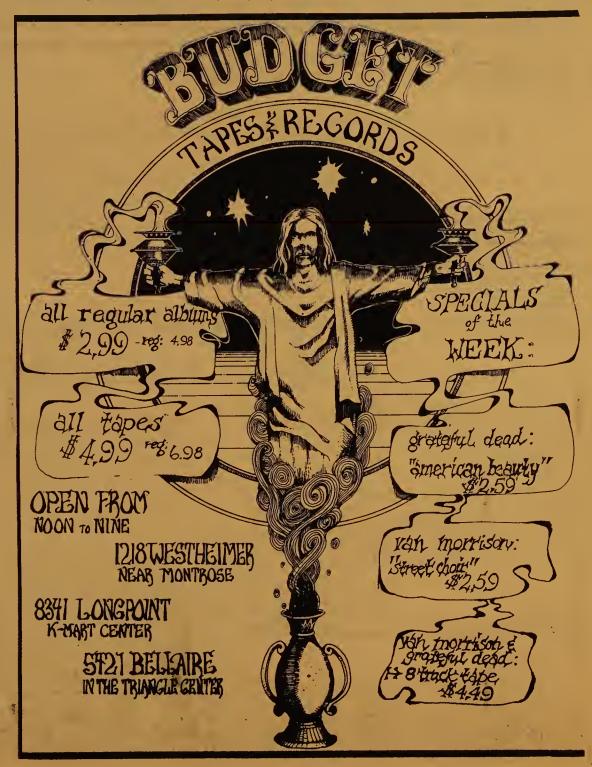
centrate on that child's likes and dislikes. Be conscious of whatever roles she/he has already been channelled into and see if you can offset this previous conditioning by making or finding toys that will bring out new interests for that child.

If the children you're finding presents for are young, then you are most likely working against much less prior role and sex-defined interest; older children already into being "feminine" or "masculine" will be more resistant to receiving your "liberation toys" . . . especially boys. Nonetheless, we — or

our parents — are the ones responsible for the sexist toys that kids have to play with, and are consequently the only ones who can affect this conditioning. Dig on the children — our liberation generation — and respect their right to the freedom we are trying to achieve from masculinity/femininity/daddy and mommy roles/sexism.

Death to the death culture and life to our life culture!

-Suzi Somppi



MEESTRO

000

LAUREN WELK

By Gavan Duffy

Lawrence Welk has been bubbling away with his champagne music since 1954. And whenever those sickening soap suds float past, superimposed on a picture tube, I instinctively switch stations. It was only by chance that I turned in midway during his November 21 show entitled "Thank You,

It was unbelievable. Flags were unfurled everywhere. Bronze souvineer Statues of Liberty were mounted on plastic pedestals. It was the height of maudlin banality and jingoism.

One patroitically pathetic act followed another as Welk, baggy pants and all, pontificated between sets, pausing now and again to clear his throat and deliver a polemic on the inherent benevolence of the savior of humanity - the U.S. of A.

Amid all this red-white-and-bluery,

Welk decided to mix a bit of "racial harmony" into his patroitic brew. Completely out of context with the rest of the show, an Uncle Tom shuffles and tap-dances to an Indian raindance. At the end of that act, I almost expected Welk to proclaim, "He sure has rhythm."

Welk had some minor difficulties persuading his production staff to do the show. But after two years of notso-subtle persuasion, the staff finally let Lawrence do his thing. "They had a cold feeling," Welk said of the staff, "I wasn't able to warm them up." And it's no wonder. Welk is about as warm as Aushwitz in winter.

"You may not understand the need for this (show) in Houston," Welk was quoted in the Houston Post, "We don't hear so much of trouble down here. Here you still have the old Christian values." That's right, Larry - good old Christian values - like

inquisitions, crusades and witch-burn-

What really teed me off about the "Thank You, America" extravaganza, though, was Welk's introduction to Woody Guthrie's "This Land is Your Land." "There is something well worth remembering in the title of this fine song," the maestro proselytized, "If we keep this in mind it should help us to appreciate what we have in this democracy and remind us to use our freedom to build our country, not to tear it down." In other words, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, et cetera, is A-OK as long as you agree with the system's actions, but null and void if you think those actions are racist, male-supremist, imperialist, ecologically unsound and downright anti-human.

Woody Guthrie probably rolled in



America" show, portraying Welk as the Great White Father to tap dancer Arthur Duncan and gospel singer Willa Dorsey.

song written by a Socialist about how the land and natural resources belong to all the people - not to just a small handful who happen to have deeds, and Welk has the unmitigated gall to turn it into a patroitic hymn.

his grave during the telecast. Here is a

Right at the climax of this love-ofcountry orgasm, Herbert Klein, Tricky-Dick Nixon's press secretary, strutted before the cameras to convey Nixon's congratulations for a propaganda piece well-done.

To top it all off, a black gospel singer wailed "The Star-Spangled Banwith a gargantuan American flag as a backdrop. It was the icing on a cake of pure excrement.

It was obvious from the commercials who Welk's audience was. Dentu-Creem, Geritol, Dristan Nasal Mist and some arthritis pain reliever whose trade name I've forgotten all bought advertising time during the show, peddling their wares to the nation's aged hypochondriacs.

The Lawrence Welk Show is a death show. Its audience is old and decrepit and preparing for imminent death. They are grasping at the last flickers of life. It's nearing the end of the line and they know it. They would each sell their souls readily if offered the chance to be young again. And as competent propagandist, both Welk and the advertisers exploit this social psychosis. Welk says, "Let's make America what it used to be," and the advertisers say, "Look young again!" And the manipulated eldsters lap it right up, projecting themselves into a 1929 fantasy - just before the stock market crash. Before the apocalypse.

Lawrence Welk is the ghost of Christmas past, Richard Nixon is the ghost of Christmas present. Fortunatey, however, as today's youth, we are all ghosts of Christmas future.





RF HAPPY

BE GAY

Five brothers from the New York Gay Liberation Front and Third World Gay Revolution were in Houston recently to talk with local GLF people and members of the Red Coyote Tribe. On their way out of town, the quintet was busted, held for two days, then released without charges (see story, Space City!, no. 13). Following their release, they talked with Pacifica reporter Jeff Shero and Space City! ace Jim Shannon. Following are excerpts from that talk.

I think one of the things that's striking is here you're a mixed group, both black and white, coming to Texas, which is probably the most uptight, or one of the most uptight places, in the country in terms of masculine roles and role playing. Were you particularly worried when you came to Texas and thought that problems might be a lot different than in New York?

Yeah, well I had sort of a big paranoia about coming down south. I didn't relate too positively to it at all, because most of my experience of knowing anything or finding out anything about the south was very negative, and once I got here, I found the feelings were justified.

You found they were justified?

Prestry much so, by being arrested, you know.

How were you treated when you were arrested? Differently than you would be in New York or Chicago?

Well, a pig is a pig, but I think I was I don't know how much differently I was treated. I was more worried about how they were going to react to me. I know that in other experiences with pigs I was more forward and direct with them, you know, than I was here, probably because I was afraid of being killed down here. What was different in the way the pigs dealt with us was that the racism was right out front. It wasn't the subtleness which I've experienced in New York. And the sexism. Before they knew we were gay, they treated us all — the whole police, the whole pig mentality, which was so sexist anyway — they were just so incredibly sexist.

What did they say specifically?

I feel like when we were first brought into the station to be booked for the charges it was like this whole masquerade of the repression of gay sexuality in the death culture. It was like the pigs themselves were homosexual in the old sense of the word, in a deathly repressed way. I mean, they made us drop our pants, and they kept talking about "you can have a date with the one with the long blonde hair later", and everything that was gay about us, everything that didn't personify male supremacy, was completely fucked over and completely denigrated.

Do you think that what makes the cops so uptight like that is that they're afraid to deal with their homosexuality?

I think that many pigs are homosexuals — I don't know how many — but I'm sure that some of them are. And this facade that they have to present — this big male supremacist type thing that they have to present forces them into this type thing anyway. Because they have to deal with the system you know.

I don't think there's any hope in changing them because I really think they are part of the death culture, and it's constantly making me aware as I'm dealing with them how that is dying — how that has to die — how that cannot win. But the change will come for them when the fundamental changes start happening in this society. They are almost the most heightened example of the repression — the sexual repression — in this society.

I don't think it's so much repressed homosexuality. These people are reacting to any kind of intimacy. I'm sure their heterosexual relationships are very messed up too. Because they can't be intimate at all. Everything becomes purely—the whole rap seems to be a very sexual kind of thing, related to getting their sex. Real sexual abuse, without realizing or admitting any kind of intimacy.

I think that when we're talking about their homosexuality — or any kind of homosexual impulses — we are absolutely not indicating that they're gay. Because there is a great deal of difference in someone being homosexual in the old sense of the word and someone being gay.

What is the difference?

Well, we feel that gay means being sexually free. And at this point in history has not the fullest definition. But right now we feel that our struggles represent a sexual liberation. And that we in our consciousness are proceeding toward liberation, and we are in the vanguard of that process of sexual liberation.

There are a lot of negative things that we can go into that happened to us while we were in jail. Not only in relation to being gay but just the racism and oppression that goes down there. But there were also some positive things for us as five people. And that came out of our solidarity as five gay people — knowing that each other was

gay and knowing that we could relate to each other in a way that did not have to go through the games that all the other prisoners and the jailers

and the sadists were going through.

BIDDING BURGARUS CONTRACTOR STATE OF THE STA

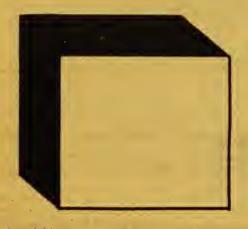
I was told that most of the prisoners in the tanks that you were in were black. Did you get into any raps about what GLF meant and what their lives were like inside the jail?

You have to talk to the level of the people that were there, and the level was not to talk about gay liberation. It has to be understood that when you get in that enemy zone — that Man zone; that's what prisons are about — the role playing that goes on is so extreme and so heightened that all the prisoners were playing out their versions of being very important their was threatened. So what would his the west their reaction would be to act sup to befine arrong each other.

And if at the beginning that the constant of t

I thought it was intering in jail, when we came in seemed to be making kind of remarks direction over and fuck you in the search of that kind of discussion on that kind of discussion on the search of the search o

And I felt that in many ways there seemed — in the way people seemed to appreciate us after a while, and just how free we were with one another, and being really exemplary, and how we were just laying our heads on one another's laps, touching one another. Things they were so uptight about. You could see that they really wanted to do it and eventually it happened and this brother laid his head on another brother's lap and it was really beautiful. Because there was no sexual thing to it — it was just all out of him.



Another thing that I would like to rap about Is Third World Gay Revolution, which is a part of Gay Liberation in New York and Chicago and other cities. This is composed of Third World people, that being four-fifths of the world's population which is not North European white. We're really having a struggle in relating to each other, and it's a very positive and very beautiful right on thing.

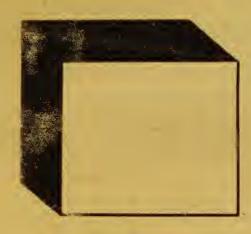
Also in turn dealing with the consciousness and raising the consciousness of our white brothers because we share a common oppression, that is, being gay. Third World Gay Revolution in Chicago was formed because the black people that had joined Gay Liberation at the beginning found it necessary to split because of the domination of male whites at the meetings and things like this, and also because Third World people can best relate to the Third World community. More so than my white brothers coming into my community trying to relate to Third World people which is really what's been happening all the time in the system, and we don't want that to fuck it up. So we've taken a different approach.

What do you think of the statement on Gay Liberation made by Huey Newton?

The importance of that statement for all of us as gay people was that it was a vanguard statement. It had never been said before by any revolutionary — that includes Cuba, Mao, Russia — no one has ever taken gay people into the revolution and really seen how sexism is a right on oppression. So it opened up dialogue. Not only with Black

Panthers, but it opened up dialogue with all revolutionary groups.

In New York we had much better contact with the Young Lords Party than wa had with the Black Panther Party prior to the statement. After the statement of course all revolution and groups had to begin to relate or begin to deal with Gay Liberation, because Huey F. Newton is a trected as a right on revolutionary leader. And the contact headquarters of the White Party is the nation headquarters of the White Party is the last of the state of the white Party is the last of the west and confront shame of the last very productive. We've been shalling soft other political parties. We now have the strange problem of a lot of people saving right on Gay Liberation but having no idea what that means, having no idea how that affects them and we say there is no such thing as "Right on Gay Liberation."



What sort of responses do you think people should have to Gay Liberation?

I think that Gay Liberation and Third World Gay Revolution is looking for people to start dealing with feelings and not stereotypes, because in the movement a big thing — one of the biggest biases of revolutionary people against Gay Liberation — is that they think in terms of a white, middle class croup of people, of homosexuals. And that is by the means right on. Because Gay Liberation is made and formany, many classes — well, all classes — energies estruggling towards the elimination of the ass. I think we'd just like to see them start relating to each other — not necessarily meaning that all men go around jumping into bed with each other, but that all men start dealing with each other feelings.

We suggest that men engage in consciousness raising groups of gay people have done in Gay Liberation and get to the roots of their feelings and how they've been made to play certain roles and just that part of them that they've given up and just how they feel restricted. To build intimacy and loss for members of the same sex. And I think that would also in many ways improve the relationship between the sexes. Just men coming into contact with who they are.

The only product of that can be a more human person. And igst as our gay sisters are relating to women's liberation and the way that all women whose consciousness is being raised are relating to each other to define what is woman identified as woman — not male identified woman — that woman are poing to tell us what they want to be and they're going to define their own identity. Men also have got to start to challenge what this society has laid upon them as men.

It doesn't mean that men are not going to relate to women. But right now the only way that men are going to be able to relate to women in any human sort of sense is when they begin to struggle with relating to each other. That can only mean for better relationships between people. All kinds of people — men and men, women and women, men and women.

I think I can relate personal experiences as how I was like for a long time very straight identified and considered myself as bisexual and had a certain irrogance about that and what that simply

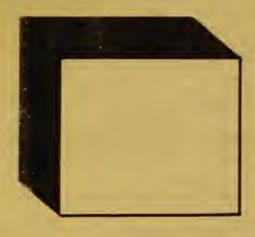
What do you define as bisexual?

It's giving into the pressures of the society to be . . . All the pressures of the society upon us as gay men is to be straight, to be heterosexual. "Okay," you say "so I'm a little queer. I'm a little homosexual, but no one's going to know. I'm going to relate to women. I'm going to show how much a man 1 can be." And damn it, you've got to off that. That's not how men should relate to women. That's not the point of relating to women: to be a man. To prove that. The point of it would be to love women.

Bisexuality assumes these two camps that you cross over. You know, that there's always this balancing act, this tight ope walk. You slip on this side sometimes. You slip on that side sometimes. There's always those two sides. What we want to work for is the time when there's no sides.

When mere's no roles at all?

Hight on.



The question that Women's Liberation is bringing up to all women... We feel that Gay Liberation — particularly the men in Gay Liberation — have got the same kinds of questions to ask of all men. And the kind of questioning that will go on will bring about what we feel will be the new person — both man and woman — who in the new society will not be caught into these camps called "heterosexual" and "homosexual." We won't have these camps. People will just be sexual.

See, so many, many people you talk to in Gay Liberation really date themselves from when they got into Gay Liberation. They'll say, "I'm one year older" or "six months old," and it may sound a little riffy, but it's really not, because to have had to hide all your life and to have had to be some double image and suddenly to feel liberated . . . how it feels to be liberated and feel in touch with yourself and feel your energies being productive.

I know for myself having been active in the whole hippie movement in New York and Yippie and that kind of thing. It wasn't until I got into Gay Liberation that I really felt that I was, as Richard said, relating to my own oppression. That I could relate openly to my brothers and sisters — both my straight brothers and sisters and my gay brothers and sisters. And it's just fantastic cause I feel so alive now. And I feel so totally committed to this vision that I have of what I think we're all struggling for in the revolution — the vision afterwards.

Kate Millett in Sexual Politics I think really says some fine right on things about how the power of politics, the sexuality . . . And well, we can sit here and feel good, because there's the five of us together, and we have this solidarity in the collective that we're in. And we have solidarity with our beautiful brothers and sisters in Houston. But still the world outside is very real and the sexual politics of it is that heterosexuals hold that and that gay people are the minority and gay people are the odd people in that power struggle.

It is one of the reasons why gay people and all people have to identify with being gay. To get over that heteroexual chauvinism that goes down. Because as long as you can identify yourself as straight—as long as a man or woman can say... you know, that's what I was talking about, that liberal sort of "Right on Gay Liberation." As long as a person says that and sits there with the security of being straight: "I know that I'm normal. I know that I'm in that power position." It may not even be conscious. We want to bring up those unconscious feelings. Because no one, we feel no one, can come from that point-of-view. Because anyone that comes from that point of view, no matter how right on they are, no matter how liberal they are with us, is our oppressor. Until they start dealing with their own gayness.





HI-SKOOL RAP-UP HI-SKOOL RAP-UP HI-SKOOL

RAP-UP HI-SKOOL



As most of you know, this year marked the beginning of the Little Red Schoolhouse. A city wide high skool newspaper aimed at uniting the mass of high skool students against Pig Nation and it's skool systems and administrations. Ever since we started standing up for our human rights and stopped believing all the lies thrown at us, our enemies have become so scared that they are trying to stop us by either murdering or jailing. Just remember, "The spirit of the people is greater than the man's technology." If you are interested in helping LRS call SWITCHBOARD at 526-3666 and leave your name and number.

BELLAIRE

Recently a leaflet dealing with the beautification of our city slums was done by the Bellaire Young Democrats. The purpose of this leaflet was to get people to come to their city clean-up project on Nov. 28. This consisted of picking up garbage and mowing lawns in Houston's very own Sixth Ward. On the leaflet was a large middle-class house and a half torn down house labeled "MIDDLE-CLASS" and "UN-MIDDLECLASS" respectively. A very poor quote by Cesar Chavez was used to close the leaflet it read: "To be a man is to suffer for others; God help us to be men."

Not all of us consider ourselves as men and not all of us consider a good person to be only a man. Perhaps .t should be "human." But, let's take a

look at this project reclistically. No matter how much time is spent proking up garbage, "cleaning up siums," when you are through you still see the same "un-middleclass" homes, the same small children half-starved and the same Black sisters and brothers being endlessly oppressed by the Amerikan pigs.

So Bellaire Young Democrats, why not start doing something constructive, start helping to build a strong high skool movement in Houston? Help to unite students to end their own oppression as well as that of their black, brown, yellow, red or white sisters and brothers in all the sixth wards of this whole world. Keep in mind you can't possibly expect to overcome any major oppressive force like Amerikan injustice by just touching it's surface lightly, you must dig deep into the heart of the problem and then destroy it.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE DEER PARK

At Deer Park there was a small protest Nov. 2, having to do with the upcoming "Most handsome — most beautiful contest." On the day of the contest, there is a basketball game in which many of the "handsome — beautiful" contestants are scheduled to participate. Seventeen people went to the principal's office in an attempt to change the date of the game.

Cont. on 15

MacArthur Strike Party

Space City:

A Ste of O sization

Last year, May, 1970, some freaks got their heads together at MacArthur High School. Yes, they finally got angry enough, involved enough, and organized enough to do something. Not another petition, not a walkout, not a riot. Something that hits them where it hurts. The sacred cow, the big joke of school, the do-nothing student nouncil became the subject of some critical examination. An effort to change the school through the "accepted" process of elections.

The freaks campaigned for stadent council offices (pres., v.p., etc). They organized under the red clenched fist symbol and the organization named STRIKE stands for STudent Rights KEpt. It stands for STudent Rights KEpt. It swought a new dimension to high school politics—platforms, principles, and purposefulness. They didn't run for popularity, prestige or power.

They did it because they had the audacity to challenge the traditional student council. To try to change the school that the benefit of the students and destroy the student attitudes of apathy and nihilism toward their own conditions. They felt they had a just and honest purpose. They fought for issues such as: 1. More liberal dress code, 2. Open student council meetings, 3. A truly representative student government, 4. Improving student teacher relations, 5. Improving student administration relations, 6. Providing better defereria facilities, i.e., tables, chairs, trusic, etc. These were not ridiculous, trivial or dangerous goals.

But alas, they had not fully comprehended the narrow-mindedness of the school "establishment". They were immediately beset by these hungry fascist (a) beasts. These self-righteous, true the prospect of such things happening to "their" school. To eradicate the impending plague, they resorted to smear tactics, vandalism and plain dirty pool. STRIKE candidates were labeled (good Heavens) commies, militants, radicals, anarchists, troublemakers and a lot of other terms.

Campaign posters and materials "disappeared" almost as soon as they were displayed. Numbers of posters were found in large "irregular" pieces. Several were discovered in the principal's circular file. Witnesses reported that the principal was seen "re-enuoting" some posters. Candidates were verbally abused by students and tasking, who, unable to offer sound in all large and smear tactics.

Ners, teachers offered moral support but bound do little more, because they distribute wish to shorten their teaching reers. Opposing teachers qualms, and made little had no effort to ceal their own thoughts. HGINPUR: assistant principal did Setic, at times, and fair. peeches STRIKE candidseem, sy In campa point to tell it straight.usual "I'm a football ates mad None of player and ke straight A's. I'll

try my best and will appreciate your vote." garbage. In campaign assemblies STRIKE naembers were heckled, jeered and ge wrally shown every discourtesy. For some strange reason none of the hecklers received any disciplinary action. Several members were threatened with violence, by those who know only violence.

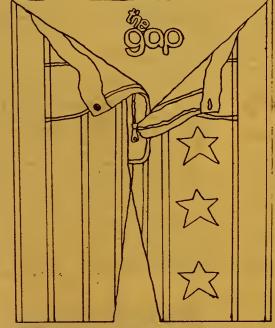
STRIKE chances for victory dropped from a poor "maybe" to a "aint no way." "Less than a Chinaman's chance" seemed the outlook. (The presidential candidate was a Chinese American.) The result was predictable, no fairy tale ending. The freaks lost. But they had gained the confidence of about 30% of the voters, out of 2200 students. While not a majority, it is a substantial minority, the wishes os whom cannot be denied. We now hear about SOFT (Students of Free Thought) at Lamar. We wish you success and hope other schools can initiate similar programs. Hope you can learn from our mistakes. Don't be discouraged. We will do it their way, legally, and win because we are right. Keep on Truckin'!

Dick Slick, A Brother of Rufus R. Reptile

P.S. Bust me if you can, Larry.

BAY SURF SHOP and THE GAP





Bells
Flairs
Cords
The Look
Is Wild.
See The
Gulf Coast's
Largest
Exclusive
Levi's
Dealer
Slip Into
A Pair
Or Two.
Wearing
Levi's Is
Better Than
Wearing
Pants.

LETTS FIRE DISS AND DAS 2445 TIMES

· IN THE VILLAGE - BEHIND RICE STADIUM

OVER 12000 PAIR OF LEVIS IN STOCK ! . 529-3423

Kick Ass at South Houston

To Space City,

The students at South Houston High Skool and all other Pasadena Independent Skool District skools are just subjects of the pigs that make the rules. They have been making all kinds of rules that have nothing to do with getting an education — like hair and dress rules. They have just made another one that doesn't permit anyone to wear the U.S. flag on their clothes, but look at the pigs with the flag on their cars and the law pigs have it on the shoulder of their uniforms. They think we are desecrating the flag. They have also called the pigs out when there was to be a fight but no one did and they had a pig at the next pep rally. I can't figure out what's wrong with these mothers but it's something that doesn't make sense. With these rules they don't even give a reason and they want it to be that what they say goes. Let's get together and kick these mother-fucking pigs out of the offices and out on their damn asses. We have to stop letting them crap on us like this and can use some help.

With you, Carl Weeks (and many more) South Houston High School

Elementary School Underground

CHICAGO (LNS) — Worried school administrators assaulted on many fronts by angry, fed-up students, now have to worry about trouble at the very start: this time, it's an underground newspaper, probably the first one ever put out by elementary school students.

The paper is called "The Eye" and is published at the Phillip Rogers school on Chicago's North Side. Its publishers circulate 500 "Eyes" at a dime apiece.

The eight page paper includes anti-war poetry, comics, and a story criticizing the school for putting in a new intercom system when there was already "a good system for getting messages around." There are also articles about restrictions on the use of restrooms and stairways.

SWITCH BOARD'S NEW HOME



Switchboard has just moved into its own house — along with the Red Coyote Tribe. Our new address is 2701½ Albany (corner of Albany and Dennis). Also, due to technical difficulties with "Ma Bell," we have a new phone number: 526-3666.

We have a lot of space around our new house and we've been working on ideas on what to do with it. Ideas like a free store, day care center or a crash pad. Things like these are good and they are needed and it's going to take interested people to make them real. It takes people willing to contribute either time, money, materials or all three. With your resources and your continued interest we can keep what we have and make what we need. If you can contribute time, money or materials (anything), please contact Switchboard.

RIDES AND RIDERS

Fort Worth - Dallas, need ride as soon as possible, Paula Tork, 524-8667.

Lubbock, need ride, Charlie, 465-4507.

North

New York/Chicago, around Jan.1, need ride, will share driving and expenses, Foster Turner, 526-0472.

New York, need ride after Thanksgiving, pay expenses, M.A. Regier, 528-7454.

Maine, need ride by Dec. 11, Oardinia Bernard, 528-4230.

Mr. Wagner, the principal, told them to leave and also informed them that they had to get hair-cuts before representing the skool in the contest. A student, Robert Ellis, told Mr. Wagner the well-known fact that he is a senile old man. He was promptly expelled and told to go home and reform before returning to school.

- Michelle

Sharpstown Prison

since school has been such a major part in my life (unfortunately) i decided it was time to think about what i am really acomplishing in school. i seemed to get nowhere with this idea so i just started thinking about a lot of things associated with school in general, i passed an elementary school recently and it was during lunch, it was real quiet (sur-prise!) so i looked in, all the kids were seated boy - girl and none were allowed to talk. once seated a kid could not get up (to get a spoon, napkin, etc.). some of those kids looked so young they should have been outside having fun, running, learning naturally, but instead were in a prison (literally) for nine months and event-ually would be subject to 108 months more, and then at sharpstown when i looked at all the people, every single one of these fantastically different people are put on an exacting grade level and are all expected to function at a specified rate and a specified level of intelligence, it is impossible. absurd rules are common today. mean a kid skips one class (an hour and if caught can be suspended for three days (18 hours), i guess this letter is kind of hard to understand but its just been bothering me and i needed to write it down, thank you for taking the time to read it because it is cool someone cares.

Meg Mosselman Sharpstown High School



MA BELL'S THREE RING CIRCUS

Ma Bell may be the only phone company in town, but if you ask the workers in the business office, it's more like Ringling Bros. Circus. Last Monday, 25 to 30 of them were out front of the Main St. office protesting their working conditions. The Phone Co. had installed flashing lights and ringing hells in the office to the Co. had installed flashing lights and ringing bells in the office to get the employees to work faster. Whenever a customer called, the lights would flash and the bells ring. The Phone Co. refused, however, to hire enough workers to answer all the calls, so the lights and bells were on constantly. The workers (mostly women) finally had enough and wore clown suits to work enough and wore clown suits to work to protest these conditions. They were not allowed to work in the suits so they went outside and picketed.

-photo by Doyle Niemann

Chicago, need ride Dec. 18th or later, Valerie, 862-3647.

Knoxville, Tenn., offers ride to someone who'll share gas and driving, Walter Hanig, 626-2559.

Boulder, Colorado, need ride for two, can pay gas, Eddie Korbel, 522-8204.

Los Angeles, need ride sometime after Xmas, will share expenses, call 667-3131 at nite and 225-3131 ext 260 day, Calvin Stanley.

Taos, N.M. or Boulder, Colorado, need ride between Dec. 15 and Dec. 20, Tom Glascock, 526-7051. Denver, Colorado, need ride a-round Dec. 23, Brownie, 668-9516.

We need crash pads, job listings for longhairs and others, people to help run the phones, and money to pacify the bill collectors. Call us.

SWITCHBOARD 526-3666 (new number) GOOD BREAD BREAD, INC.

If you're paying high prices for food, and are tired of the impersonal atmosphere of established grocery stores, you need The Incorporated Community Bread (formerly Houston Food Co-op) - and Bread wants you.

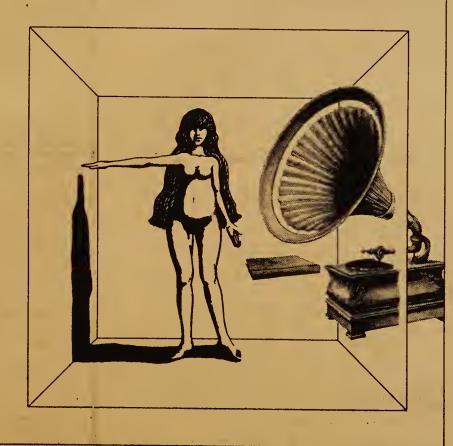
The Incorporated Community Bread provides a non-profit service of household products and food distribution to its members. Prices are wholesale and below, much cheaper than your present grocery store. And Bread is community, brotherhood/sisterhood and involvement. Bread is a co-operative venture.

Bread has eggs, milk, cheese, yogurt, read bread (including organic) fresh fruits, fresh vegetables, canned goods, pet foods, paper products, a small selection of packaged meats, and numerous other food and household products, including cat litter! We are also looking toward ecologyminded products and more organic and health foods.

Bread is presently open Sundays, from 1 to 6 pm. Members of Bread work in the store to keep expenses down and create a feeling of community.

Membership in the co-op costs \$5.00 with monthly dues of \$1.00 to meet expenses. We do not make a

So, if you would like to work with your brothers and sisters for cheaper food and good times, call Switch-board (526-3666) for our number. The Incorporated Community Bread is presently located behind Texas Art Supply, off Montrose near Westheimer.



GRAMAPHONICS · BOOKS & RECORDS 2362 RICE BOULEVARD CALL 522-9359

CUBAN REVOLU TION: OME BIG FAMILY

by Sherwood Bishop

A few weeks ago I stepped off a ship, along with some 400 sisters and brothers, in St. Johns, New Brunswick after making a six day trip from Havana. St. Johns looks pretty much like lots of other towns in Pigamerika — a smaller version of Houston or Montreal, but I mainly saw it as cold and foreboding. I had just finished living for six weeks with the third contingent of the Venceremos Brigade in Cuba.

The stony-faced Canadian pigs, some wearing uniforms and some in suits and shades, the billboards and smoking factories and the whole atmosphere of the place contrasted sharply with the life we had known in the first liberated territory of the Americas. Returning to the U.S. after living there is a heavy trip.

One of my strongest feelings when I got off the ship in St. Johns was the fearful necessity to protect myself. In my mind I ran over my defenses against the pigs. We were searched by Canadian officials once before we got off the ship and were searched mercilessly by the U.S. customs officials who confiscated our "subversive" Cuban momentos — Brigade T-shirts as well as books.

Once "safely" inside the U.S. we still cringed at the sight of every highway patrol car and at the thought of the expected visits from the FBI.

It takes a while to get used to being constantly surrounded by and at the mercy of gun totin' pigs after living some place like Cuba where there virtually aren't any pigs.

There are still a few police in Cuba but they don't do much of anything but direct traffic and give out information. Occasionally Cuban police are needed to protect the populace from the dwindling number of people who still have enough left-over capitalist hang-ups to steal something or get into a fight. They also protect people from the "gusanos" (a word meaning "worm," used for CIA-trained Cuban exiles) or mercenaries that still occasionally sneak into the country to sabotage factories and to try to sabotage the revolution.

(A group of nine mercenaries was captured while we were in Cuba after they secretly invaded the island by boat. They were discovered by a truck driver and killed three Cubans while cotting areas are invariant that system

trying to escape. They had U.S.-made automatic rifles and a large supply of explosives. I don't know what they planned to blow up.)

This talk about Cuban police helps point out some of the basic differences between Cuba and the United States. That U.S., of course, operates on a system of exploitation, through private ownership of property, and in jobs, ghettos, Third World countries, etc. With oppression, through racism, sexism and all the other ways we're dehumanized in our homes, schools, jobs, etc. And through repression — if we step out of line we're punished or killed.

People here are turned into lonely individuals who feel lost and insecure. They're forced to compete against others and to constantly build defenses, like egotism and private property, to keep from being wiped out. This competition, egotism and dehumanization is necessary for the continued existence of capitalism.

Cuba's culture is based on cooperation for the common good. The revolution is like a big family of brothers and sisters all working together. The triumph of the revolution in 1959 just won the Cubans the ability to get started. A look at their starting point helps show how far they've come.

In 1959 malnutrition and starvation were rampant in Cuba, since the ruling class had no desire to provide food for people who couldn't pay them a profitable price. Unemployment was also extensive — thus ensureing cheap labor for the rulers. Health care of any kind was provided only for people with money. Most of the property and businesses were owned by Americans or the tiny Cuban ruling

There was very little industry in Cuba; 90% of the products sold there were "Made in U.S.A." All public schools (there never were many) had been shut down by Batista — only private schools were open. Sixty percent of the population was illiterate, 95% was "uneducated." The most prosperous part of the country was Havana, a huge tourist center which flourished on the profits of gambling and prostitution.

The population was only around six million, but most of those lived in tiny, crowded shacks and dressed in rotting rags. To keep alive, people had

goge e gotal.



Brigadista fertilizes citrus crop, strikes blow against empire.

to compete against, steal from, and sell themselves to everyone around them. (Practically all other South American countries are still in the same shape.)

At the triumph of the revolution, the whole country was a tragic mess. Following one of the basic principles of the revolution, that survival is a human right, people began to act. They distributed the available food, clothing and shelter to those who needed them most. They instructed doctors and hospitals to take in patients free, with the government paying their salaries. They stopped all forms of punishment in the schools that were still open and opened many others.

They did a zillion other things, too. There's not room here to write them down; but, basically, they revolutionized the whole country. They completely wiped out illiteracy. (Over 50% of the Cuban population is now going to school at least part time). They provided enough food, clothing, jobs, homes and health care for everyone. (Remember, the same people who are providing these services are the ones benefitting from them.) They developed and are still developing their new government, (which they will run), their new educational system, (which students and teachers will run) and their new industries and farms, (which workers and farmers, will run). I say "will" because all these things are still being developed.

Of course, there have been lots of problems. When the people took over the industries, banks and farms, the Cuban upper class freaked out and split the country with everything they could carry. (These were the most educated people, of course, including most of the doctors, lawyers, police chiefs, engineers, factory managers, business owners and the Mafia.) The CIA then armed these "gusanos" (worms) and helped them organize an army to try to take over the island and get back into business, but the Cuban people stopped them. Some people living near Playa Giron fought the gusanos without guns until the Cuban army arrived!

Then the United States and the U.S.-run Organization of American States organized the Cuban blockade, which means that Cuba had to import everything it needed from other countries thousands of miles away. Of course, the Cubans didn't have any industry to build what they needed.

The U.S. government even tried to prevent U.S. citizens from visiting Cuba.

This is where the 405 of us came in. We went to Cuba to help smash the blockade, to show our solidarity with the Cuban people and to see for ourselves what revolutionary socialist Cuba was like. We were a pretty together group of people considering the different backgrounds we had come from. But the Cubans are really beautiful. People no longer need to compete, or to defend themselves from others. I didn't see any Cubans argue or fight during our six weeks in Cuba. Not one argument!!

We spent four weeks working with citrus fruit - planting it, fertilizing it and picking it. The Cubans who lived and worked with us (as well as the Cubans we met during the two-week tour of the country) taught us a whole new way of living together. For one thing, they were constantly showing respect and affection for one another. Their conversations were always accompanied by hugs and embraces whether the conversation was between men, women or both. Their whole way of speaking was filled with fearless expressions of affection, respect and camaraderie. It took us a while to relax and fearn this, but once we did, it was wonderful. When we got back to Pigamerika we ran into the deadness of the old taboos. A week after I got back from Cuba I met another Brigadista on the street. We instinctively ran up and hugged each other, expressing not only our affection but also our common rejection of the death culture we had re-entered.

Cubans have also developed a beautiful sense of social art. Not only do they paint pictures by themselves but they also paint pictures together. We tried this ourselves, with all four hundred of us painting one great big mural. We were clumsy but it was fun — and the mural was good.

Probably more important is their music. They have bands, of course, and they dig on the Jefferson Airplane and the Beatles (though they can't understand why the Beatles wrote "Revolution." Neither can I). But the music I'm talking about is the music they make together. We sang every time we got together — in the trucks on our way to work in the mornings, or after siesta, or on our way home to lunch, or in the afternoons — while we worked and while we ate. (That's one reason why songs like "Guantan-

amera" have so many verses.) We also danced and clapped our hands. It was all a way of expressing that we were together - it was beautiful.

Our first experience with their mass music was really powerful. The first morning at the camp a meeting was called to discuss what we would be doing the next six weeks. We piled into a room just large enough to hold 400 North Americans and the 150 or 200 Cubans at the camp. The Cubans started singing and clupping right away. One of them played the piano, another got some bongos, some others started dancing at the front of the room. Having fun together came natural to them but we had to learn it. Cautiously, a few of us stated clapping along and then carefully singing. We were afraid of making mistakes, ("What would you do if I sang out of

It didn't take long though, till we were singing, clapping and stomping and climbing up on top of the benches to see everybody else singing and clapping and stomping. For most of us, it was our first experience with that kind of togetherness. Lots of us got tears in our eyes - together. In Amerika, people rarely sing together, even when they're stoned. We need to learn how to be together everyday, not just at rock festivals.

It's interesting that other revolutionaries who visited our camp also showed this sense of togetherness. A group of nearly 100 Indochinese men and women stayed with us for a week. They ranged in ages from teenagers to people over 60, but they all showed a beautiful amount of respect, trust and love for one another and for us.

We all felt guilty waiting for them to reach our camp. We knew what our country was doing to them and their country, and that we hadn't been able to stop the war. But they never showed anything less than affection and respect for us and never even hinted that we weren't doing our best to stop the genocide against their people. The night before they left, these beautiful people staged a going-away party for us. They sang revolutionary songs and folk songs from Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. The celebration ended with clapping together with such power and love that I'll never forget it. Revolutionary people are the most alive people alive!

These same feelings of love, trust and togetherness fill all my memories of Cuba. Once while I walked alone down a street in a small Cuban city a small group of people came out of a pizza parlor and invited me in. When I got inside they brought me free pizza and soda and started asking "What's it like in the United States? Do you like Cuba? Do you want to go back?" In the middle of the usual questions they asked "Do you like our pizza?" They really meant it. They really

We visited the schools where the excited and free students were learning how to run their country, as well how to read and write. Schools where students don't get graded and where every day they are throwing away more of the chains of educational tradition. We also visited factories



Venceremos Brigade members keep on truckin'.

Photos by Susan Mithun

ianitors earn as much as where managers and where workers are learning how to run the plants and industries themselves.

We took part in a rally where half a million people all sang and chanted and clapped and waved flags together and where Brother Fidel stood on a wooden platform with a plain wooden podium and told his sisters and brothers about the status of their current problems and the progress of their projects. He spoke of the Venceremos Brigade too. He talked in plain, simple words about how the American people were struggling to be able to control their own destinies and how we had come to help Cubans build their own country.

When a group of people in the crowd shouted that they wanted to talk with him, he set up a meeting for the next day and then complained about them interrupting the speech. I saw it and heard it myself!

We not only fertilized over a million citrus trees, but we also learned how to work together and feel together. We not only planted citrus trees and helped build a day care center and a television station, but we did things that will continue to serve Cubans for years to come and that will serve the people of this country after our own revolution enables us to join the Cubans in the spirit of international socialism. When we picked the fruit we not only provided food for the Cubans and showed our solidarity with them, but we also drank all the lemonade and ate all the oranges and grapefruits we could hold

We learned in Cuba that we're going to win; millions of people have already taken their destiny in their hands and that for us it's only a matter of time and struggling.

In early October, we observed the

third anniversary of Che's murder in Bolivia, by climbing, along with over 600 Cuban sisters and brothers to the site of his Cuban revolutionary headquarters in the highest mountains of the Sierra del Escambray. The ascent took three days. The evening of the second day it rained, which made the next day's climb miserable.

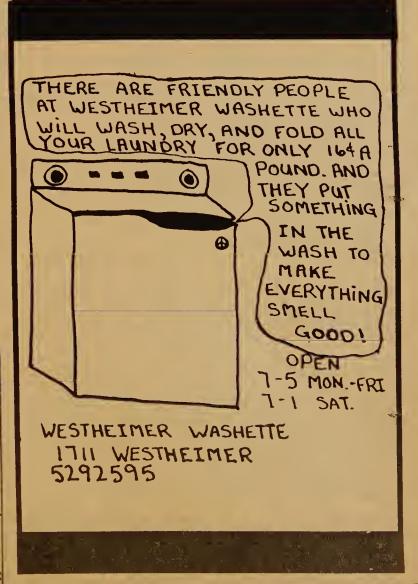
We climbed single file up a steep jungle trail. The mud was so slippery in places that we had to crawl or pull ourselves up with vines and ropes. Finally we passed through the small group of thatched-roof huts carved into the side of the mountain and pushed on to the very top.

The view was fantastic. The jungle-

covered mountains around us almost glowed with the colors of tropical leaves, flowers, and Cuba's clear blue sky. We could see the earth as though we were orbiting it rather than standing on it. A few short stretches of roads and two or three tiny villages could be seen between the end of the mountain range and the distant edge of the earth

Before beginning the small ceremony with people who had fought with Che in Cuba and in Bolivia, we shouted his words to our friends over the "Hasta la victoria siempre! horizon, Venceremos!"

"Until the victory forever! We shall overcome!"







Austin Marchers Support Strike



by Calamity Jane

AUSTIN — Approximately 2,000 people from across the state poured onto the Capitol grounds at noon, Nov. 29, for a rally and march in support of the Austin Economy Furniture Strikers. Earlier, the crowd participated in a rally in the barrios of East Austin. The activities of the day, culminating in a benefit dance that same night, marked the passing of the second anniversary of the strike.

The majority of the participants were Chicano. White participants in sympathy were drawn from the ranks of students, labor, and G.I.'s from Killeen. A.C. "Irish" Matthews, Vice President of the AFL-CIO, Austin Central Labor Council, said, "The courts are fooling around too long."

One of the G.I. delegation commented, "We came down here to be in solidarity with our brown brothers and sisters who are being oppressed by the same system that is oppressing us. It was a long walk, but it's well worth it."

A wide diversity of opinion was present. However, it did not detract from the overall unity of the people present. Richard Moore, black East Austin resident and student, noted that the turn-out was "somewhat appalling in that there is still so much divisiveness. It should be Chicano and Black; where are the brothers?"

Children laughed and played on the grounds and the atmosphere was one of comfort and solidarity. Throughout the rally, cheers of "Viva La Raza, Viva La Huelga, Viva La Causa, Viva La Revolucion," were heard.

Teatro Chicano, a guerrilla theatre group, entertained the crowd for about an hour, exposing the multitude of ways in which Chicanos are divided from within by sell-outs and opportunists, and from without by Gringos intent upon maintaining the Chicano's oppression, poverty, and many levels of discrimination.

Paul Velez, a member of Austin MAYO, and Teatro performer, said of the theatre, "I think it helps to expose the problem to the onlookers who come out of curiosity. They will see the other side of the story, learn the reasons for marching, boycotting, and other tactics of expression."

The rally began around noon and lasted for two hours. The speakers present included: Father Joe Zonatas, who opened the rally with a prayer; Roy Evans, Sec.-Treas. of the Texas AFL-CIO, who talked of the necessity for "democracy on the job"; Victor Ruiz, Jr., Huelguista; Francisco Rosales, of Crystal City, Tex.; representing PADRES, in behalf of Bishop Patricio Flores; Miguel Barragan, who sang intermittently during the rally; Albert Pena, County Commissioner, Bexar County, Tex.; Gregory Salazar, Houston MAYO; Mario Compean, San Antonio MAYO; Bob Sanchez, Vice-President, Upholsterer's International Union, Local 500, Los Angeles; Antonio Orendain, United Farm Workers Organizing Committee,

Tex., representing Caesar Chavez; Santo Ruiz, Civil Rights, AFL-CIO; and Lencho Hernandez, master of ceremonies and huelgista. The speakers' topics covered aspects of the Chicano Movement, electoral politics and La Raza Unida Party, the war in



Young companero tells it like it is at Austin Chicano rally. Photo by David Ross

Vietnam, the role of the Catholic Church, and the Economy Furniture strike.

The majority of the speeches were in Spanish; however, a few of the speakers thoughtfully addressed parts of their speeches in English. Gregory Salazar of Houston MAYO, spoke for many when he said, "No Black, no Chicano, no oppressed minority can be violent. How can the disruption of a school board be compared to the violence of a system that is based on the violence of hunger, of police repression, and of racism. Only the Gringo can be violent." (For those learning, Gringo refers specifically to the white oppressor)"... All oppressed people in this country are victims of this Gringo system that is based on racism, the Vietnam War, and the Peace Corps...

"The Church has more money invested in corporations who profit from Vietnam than any other single contributor," Salazar continued, "20% of the deaths in Vietnam are Chicanos, yet we are only 9% of the population. Why do we continue to support this?

"Revolution is talking about a system of government that is responsive to the people.

"We do not recognize the Gringo ownership of land in the Southwest. These people (businessmen and landowners) are not acting like human beings, they are acting like animals... If they will not act like human beings, they should be treated like animals.

You kill animals if they bite you.

"La Raza Unida Party is the only party in this state that is responsive to the "needs of the Chicano."

Albert Pena spoke with candor of the Chicano movement and his role as a civic official: "First of all I am a Chicano I am here (in Austin) because there is injustice against my brothers. Anyone who pushes my brother around is my enemy. Lack's is my enemy. Montgomery Wards is my enemy. Royal Furniture Company is my enemy.

"You say slavery is abolished. (I am talking of the) . . . slavery of the spirit, the slavery of poverty, the slavery of discrimination, and the slavery of injustice.

"Preston, Ben, and all the rest are my enemy until they do something about the Chicano's problems Some people say rallies and demonstrations will not solve your problems. To them I ask "What have you done in the last 100 years to solve our problem?"

"We will not beg; we will go to jail if necessary. I have been in jail twice . . . I find it ironic that it is always the oppressed who is asked, 'Are you against violence?' "

Antonio Orendain, U.F.W.O.C., spoke in specific terms, "Laws are beautiful in libraries, but by the time they get to the people, they are

castrated

"When a policeman comes to the Barrio, he comes to enforce 'Law'n' Order'. When he goes to the white community, he goes to protect the citizens.

"Free Enterprise is Gringo theory which works for his benefit. If you have money, it works for you. If you are poor and starving, then according to free enterprise you should work more for less wages."

Victor Ruiz Jr., a Huelguista and former employee of Economy Furniture of 38 years standing, speaking as the representative of the strikers, gave one of the most inspiring speeches of the day. He said (translated from the Spanish), "We understand one thing — there exists two laws, two justices. One is for the rich and one is for the poor; one justice for the worker, one for the business man. Because of this the huelguistas have dedicated themselves to destroy this system. This is not the course of merely the huelgistas. It is the reality of our brothers of race... The strikers are fighting for the dignity of Chicanos We are fighting for our union. We are fighting to be heard!"

Jim Ruiz, a huelguista, stated that the case received an oral hearing two weeks ago before the 5th District Court in Houston. The case was discussed by lawyers representing the Economy Furniture Industries, the National Labor Relation Board, and the Upholsterer's International Union (strikers). One of the judges has been quoted as saying, "This thing has taken too damn long." A decision is promised within 30-90 days.

Around 4:00 o'clock, the march began down Congress Avenue. Some of the more popular chants of the march included, "CHICANO – POWER!", "Off the Pig!", and "One more war — REVOLUTION." The march wound through downtown Austin and dispersed at the Capitol. There were no incidents of police or outside harrassment reported; consequently, it was a peaceful demonstration, as predicted by the coordinator, Lencho Hernandez. This included the Second Anniversary and began the third year of the strike.





by Jim Ogg

With WORKINGMAN'S DEAD, the Grateful Dead made a brilliant commitment to a more personal, harmonic style of music after so much exploration of the band's limitations, as well as vanguarding psychedelia in general. And fans of that album will be pleased to know that with AMERICAN BEAUTY, the Dead's latest release, that commitment is resounded strongly. And it is a gift of love from the Dead which I have returned in kind. I'm not so sure if Jefferson Airplane still loves me, but I believe in the Dead.

The overall tone of AMERICAN BEAUTY is more relaxed than WORKING-MAN'S, with only one uptempo number, "Truckin", and it's not heavy by any means. And again the emphasis is on lyrics and harmony, and subdued country-oriented music. The vocals are superb; Garcia, Lesh and Weir harmonize beautifully, a far cry from their earlier mumbling efforts, as they realized the words were too dear and rectified it.

And the words of Robert Hunter define the moods with simplicity, as in "Brokedown Palace," the search of the spirit to be at peace, reaching out again for the natural man

> going to leave this brokedown palace on my hands and my knees i will roll, roll, roll make myself a bed by the waterside in my time, in my time i will roll, roll, roll in a bed, in a bed by the waterside i will lay my head listen to the river sing sweet songs to rock my soul

Although it seems to be in the right direction and it feels satisfying, it doesn't pretend to preach, but is as always just a talk between close friends about things that matter. The music and poetry just makes this friend a little more expressive. As the song "Ripple" says . . .

> ripple in the still water when there is no pebble tossed or wind to blow reach out your hand if your cup be empty, if your cup is full may it be again

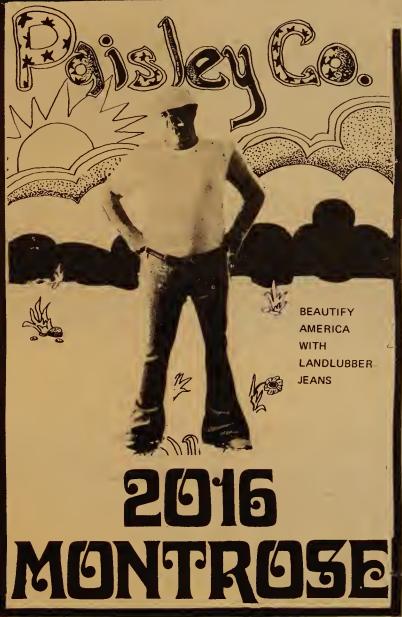
let it be known there is a fountain that was not made by the hands of men there is a road, no simple highway between the dawn and the dark of night and if you go, no one may follow that path is for your steps alone

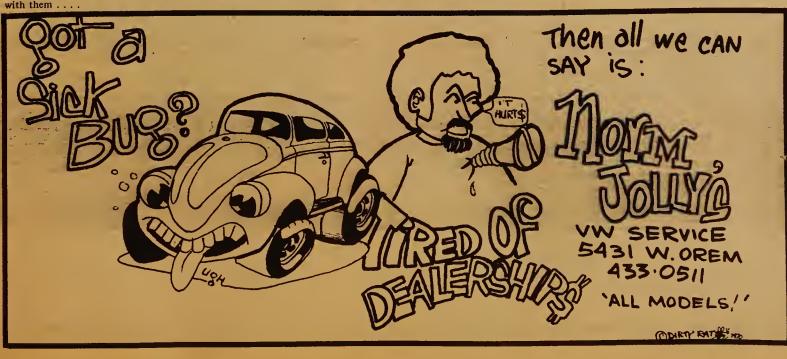
There are profound moments, but AMERICAN BEAUTY has it's lighter side too, like Pigpen's only contribution, "Operator" the old tryin' ta-get-my-baby-on-the-phone number, which is nice, and "Sugar Magnolia," a Southern Belle ditty which has a lot of oleanders and the Gulf breeze. And the whole package is (particularly the Dead's recent bust in New Orleans) and the only way to deal with them polished off with "Truckin," the universal panacea, mainly the story of hassles, busted down on Bourbon Street set up just like a bowling pin knocked down, it gets to wearing thin they just won't let you be

But just keep truckin' like the doo-dah man, and there's some wise words about the difference between preaching love and getting off your ass and out of your morass and living it. I'll keep truckin', my friend, just keep singing that song

And back on the hardrock circuit, Ten Ycars After continues to take off where Led Zeppelin never really got started, with their latest, WATT – and the title must be due homage to that great god of electrical power. The raw energy which characterized SHHHH and CRICKLEWOOD GREEN still abounds, as well as some new twists as Awin Lee tries his rapid hand at some jazz lines and succeeds moderately. Particularly notable is the development of bassist Leo Lyons, who should be recognized as one of the greats in the same breath as Jack Casady and Phil Lesh.

Lee still seems to find it necessary to add a little electronic explosion to almost every number, which gets old fast, and he would do better to leave the bag of tricks in the corner and get down to the business of playing that driving guitar with his incredible speed and inventiveness. The songs are in the same vein as CRICKLEWEED, with Alvin's vocal equivalent of a pelvic thrust, with a live version of "Sweet Little Sixteen" at the end, which is not engineered too well and is a little too supercharged for my taste, although seeing this number performed as the encore of a great show is quite a thrill.







About that essay. . .

Brian,

It was a good turn you did for Space City with "An Essay on Grass" — their rap is leaning a little heavy to one side. I've only been in town a couple of months — I'm from the college, army, east coast trip — was happy to find a local paper. It quickly began to take on the significance of a black/white, easy-answer, Cambridge Common leaflet.

Good to see someone on Wichita Ave. has it in perspective - recommend you fill in some of the editors on some cultural phenomenon literature so they can separate "what's happening" from "what's coming down." Dig it, Brian!

Wayne

Dear Brian,



I read your article "An Essay on Grass" in Space City and wanted to thank you. I like to read Space City even though I think it goes a little too one sided sometimes. But your article really hit me. Especially the last few paragraphs. I thought someone in Space City wouldn't agree with my ideas

I've done a lot of thinking (a lot of it while stoned) and gone the whole route from just wanting to live and let live to agreeing with the weatherman tactics and back again. I was glad to read my ideas and beliefs in somebody else's article. I get down when I hear about kids breaking on to the David Frost show coz I think what good can it do — it can only turn some still undecided people away. Any kids who get super publicized because of pills can only hurt those of us who dig weed. The older people don't know the difference or the good from the bad.

Anyhow the biggest thing I wanted to say was about the big picnic that the Family Hand had at the park the weekend before last. It was supposed to be a beautiful time of sharing and being friendly and loving. And it was basically, but I took a good look at the hill at around 4:30 and it really hit me to see all the orange peelings, and paper, and fritos and just trash that people had thrown down. It made me feel super hopeless and really do a lot of thinking about the narrow mindedness, hypocrisy, and apathy that exist so much in the people that I expect to help.

Well, I didn't mean for this to be so long. I only wanted to thank you for a really heavy article that I hope makes everybody take a good look at themselves.

Thanks, Katie



Dear Brian,

I found your article on "Grass" silly. You seem to simplify the whole Amerikan sickness and find one easy cure — turn on, tune in — Realize. But you are so wrong. Amerika was born with the germ of imperialsim and puritanism and one puff on the mighty weed is not going to cure it! Nor is voting, for that matter. Don't you realize "they" control the parties and honey they ain't giving that up too easily. I'd like to see a freak become chairman of the Republican

party! Wake up — stop believing their lies.

Sure, I've been to the Woodstock miracle, to San Francisco, I've lived in New York and been cross-country twice. And there is no way that turning on and existing peacefull, within the ill Amerikan society is going to change it!

In 1967 I didn't believe in violence. I dug Donovan, grass, peaceful peyote trips and Kesey. But brother, this is 1970, when they kill and imprison.

Sure, sit around, get stoned and vote for the puppet of your choice, while they kill, beat and imprison your brothers and sisters. Remember Woodstock and forget Kent State, is that your philosophy?

I believe we should live, be happy to be alive, get high, but we should care — about our brothers and sisters — help them — stop believing sick Amerika's lies and stop playing her sick games.

You're happy. You're alive — do something to stay that way. WAKE UP and CARE!

A Sister

★ Brian sez...

A: I agree that smoking grass is no cure to the ills of Amerika, although there are areas in which it helps. But I fail to understand how tactics like dropping bricks on passing policemen or spray painting 'JBRL' on the side of people's buildings is going to do any good, either.

"THEY" are more numerous than some oversimplifiers like to realize; no one knows better than I how tempting it is to think of the problem in terms of some small, elite cadre of corrupt and powerful money zombies who pull the strings that warp the destinies of the fundamentally good masses, and there is a certain grain of truth in that concept. But one need not be rich or powerful in order to be selfish, xenophobic, intolerant, violent or short sighted: these characteristics are found in all of us.

I know that the political parties are mechanical and well entrenched, but how can you blow off party politics as hopeless (they ain't giving that up too easily) then turn around and imagine that revolution in the streets is not hopeless? Political parties do not necessarily reflect the will of "the people," but they sure as hell reflect the will of the party activists, especially those who have been around doing the shitwork for years and worked their way up in the party organization.

It is a very rare freak who is willing to stuff envelopes and canvass door to door for 15 years in order to have a vote on the state committee in 1985. You may not want to believe it, but it is also a rare freak who is willing to get his ass shot at. Those who really give a shit about their brothers and sisters are putting their energy into constructive services: food, medical care, child care, tutoring. There is no shortage of opportunity to help. There is, however, quite a shortage of people willing to put their hands and their money where their mouths are.

I have to a great extent stopped believing in Amerika's sick lies. As for her sick games, why don't we stop playin's at violence? Dear Brian Grant:

Last summer some friends and I scored some THC, it was really nice dope. Now I hear THC was non-existant at that time. Is this so?

I also have a poem about acid:

Silent stillness glistens over
The sad, weird eyes
A glow that combines the entire axis,
Melts along the waxy Candle of time.

And time moves so slowly, ever so slowly.

Fantasy rides in on a ship of winged

And reality is gone

Reality is gone Yet life lingers on . . .

Love, Rosemary San Antonio



A: According to my information, synthetic tetrahydrocannibinol is very difficult and expensive to produce. None has ever been detected in all of the samplings various experimenters have made of the black market, and it seems unlikely that you, or me, or anyone you know has ever had any.

The THC effect can easily be enjoyed, however, by baking a gram or

two of good hashish in some cookies or whatever, and taking them on an empty stomach, especially after abstaining from grass for a few days. One friend of mine claims that simply wrapping the hash in tin foil and baking for 15-30 minutes as hot as the oven will go beats the Toklas brownies route. A lesser dose will still get you stoned, of course, but it takes a lot if we're talking about the THC 'trip'.

I don't usually do this, but Cliff asked me to print a notice on behalf of Sunshine College for all you ingrates who fail to show up Sundays. The place is really beautiful, especially for those whose love of peaceful and varied surroundings exceeds the herd instinct.

Milby Park recent activities have been limited because of bands promising to play and not showing up due to various expressed reasons. The groups usually cancelled on the Sunday they promised to play so there wasn't time to get a substitute. Hopefully as of Dec. 13 at 2:30 or 3:00 pm, there will be live entertainment, provided the weather is OK.

SUPPORT MILBY PARK!

(Address your questions and comments about dope and reality and stuff to Brian Grant, % Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, Tex. 77004.)

CHARLES BUKOWSKI

The King of the Hard-Mouthed Poets

ONE HOUR ON CASSETTE

\$6.98 from NOLA Express, Box 2342, New Orleans LA 70116



NOW SHOWING

1:00 6:00 2:30 7:45 4:15 9:25



a virgin with a hang-up on sex!

BARBARA DOUĞLAS MORGAN EVANS

MORGAN EVANS
VICTORIA WALES

The cone water 19 of miles. Music by LALO SCHIFRIN TECHNICOLOR



by Mike Zee

His words walked a tight rope between modesty and pride. After all, how would you feel if you had just written, directed, and produced your first full length motion picture? So when rapping to Space City! Ned Bosnick chose his words carefully, wanting very much for people to see his flick, Imago, but at the same time not wanting to push the picture in a hard sell.

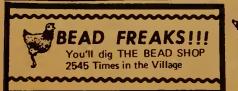
He believes the picture has many levels of meaning and the viewer interprets what he sees in his own way. For example, he said one could understand the film as "about a girl; we go into her head — show her nightmares, fantasies, real world, take a stab at her unconscious — and if from all this we know the girl, well, then we also know a lot about today's society."

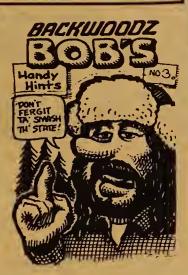
On another level the picture shows the conflict between "what society programs into a 21-year-old girl's head against what she really believes." In the film this conflict results in the girl being "frigid," undergoing hypnotic treatment, mixing present/past/future time in a world of reality/unreality.

You look at Bosnick (he got his MA in 1965 from the UCLA film school) — tall, thin, longish hair hanging low over his forehead — and he says "it took five years and a thousand cities before I found the financing for Imago in Houston. When people invest, they want to make a profit on their money: otherwise they give their money to foundations. The trouble with film-making is you have to spend too much time on getting money before you can film what you want the way you want."

Which leads to the question: what does money have to do with determining the quality of art? Obviously, it should have nothing to do with it. Maybe, just maybe, Bosnick's picture will prove artistic and make a profit. We'll see,

(Imago opened Dec. 9 at the Alabama Theater.)





VIETNAM

STILL



Cont. from page 3

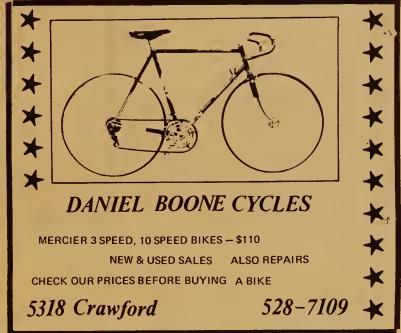
ago knew the war was wrong can now see that Amerika is in fact the real enemy. We can no longer oppose the war simply because it's a bummer, we must attack it as an attempt to control an entire nation for outside corporate interests. We must declare our solidarity with the heroic Vietnamese people who daily fight for their liberation, and we must aid them in any way we can. We cannot allow Vietnam to remain a dead issue, or else Nixon won't think twice about ordering millions of bombs dropped.

Some friends who recently returned from a visit to North Vietnam said the people told them that the reason they haven't been more aggressive against the invading armies is that they think any major military victory on their part would give Nixon all the excuse he needs to start massive bombings — possibly even nuclear — that would kill many innocent people.

What can we do? Probably the most important thing we can do is to try and raise consciousness about the people's struggle in Vietnam, and let Pig Nixon know that he's going to have to answer for his crimes. We have to start getting ready for the next time he tries to pull something, so we can indicate our disapproval very strongly. We have to take to the streets en masse and let them know that this just won't do.

Our brothers and sisters in Vietnam know that all Amerikans aren't their enemies. They realize we hate the monster that is Amerika and are trying to do something about it. It won't be too long before Pig Nixon does it again and then we should be ready to show him where our heads are at. When the time comes, seize it!

LONG LIVE THE VICTORY OF PEOPLE'S WAR!



Now
the new age in books:
everything from
astrology to ecology
reincarnation to meditation
revolution to evolution
Afro to judo
hex to sex.



Aquarian Book Center

1971 Homosexual National Classified Directory now available. Selected list of bars, organizations mass, and a bibliography. Great gift idea. Order at \$2 each from Tangents, 3473% Cahuenga, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Five "gay" college girls are moving to Houston in January. Would like correspondence from Houston gay set so we will know the scene. Mail to Sharon or Sarah, Box 6641, SFA Station, Nacogdoches, Texas.

Outasite one bdrm apt. Carpet, air, \$105, 1826 W. Main, Phone 529-5433,

Espiritu Institute, sensitivity training center, offers open house (free) Thurs. Dec. 10 and 17, 7:30 pm. 1214 Miramar. 528-3301.

We need a bass player. Preferrably one that can sing lead — if not lead, hopefully backup. We're gonna play clubs until we can get it together real really good. There's a lot of cash in clubs. Call John 649-8557 or Jimmy 643-3488.

63 Buick Station Wagon for sale. Has no dents. White with red interior. \$150 or best offer. Call Linda or Thumber 721-2813.

10 speed Schwinn Varsity for sale, \$35, 3808 Stanford, apt 2 in rear,

Don't be fooled by Western news propagandal Get news on Vietnam from the Vietnamese. Lotus is a vietnamese newsletter that reports on the real scene in Vietnam. Write for free copy: Lotus, Box 163, Matamoras, Pa 18336.

Guild Acoustic Guitar plus case, Like new, \$175, Call 697-3043.

Craig 8-track Pineair tapedeck, floor-mount, two 20 watt, 8" utahs w/tweeters. For Sale, \$125, Call Larry at 442-2310.

UNKLASSIFIEDS

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every 3d.)

Classes forming: Learn self-hypnosis for self-development and improvement. Special classes for weight loss and control, ESP, and clairvoyance. 227-6715 anytime.

The Hare Krishna Temple freely offers daily classes in Bhaltri-Yoga. At your service are two devotees that are trained in regulated devotional life by a pure devotee of Lord Krishns, His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada. Morning and evening classes are from 7 to 10 am and 7 to 10 pm. Located at 4919 San Jacinto St, right next to Space Cityl office.

I feel that it is my duty to go and live on the moon I know that there is someone else who is supposed to go too. If you have seen 2, please contact me. My name and address is Hank Ulbricht, Morning Star Tribe, New Mexico.

Bike for sale, In great condition. \$25, Ask for Linda after 6 pm, 497-4185.

Blacklight: Complete 4 ft, unit with tube, ready to plug in, \$25, 826-3824, ask for Magic Max, keep trying.

"To a long lost friend" David Bufens, call Janice, really would like to hear U. 782-7320

Fruitcake and other goodies, handmade Christmas tree decorations, and dolls dressed. Might trade. Barbara — 649-2356.

Aria Acoustic Guitar, \$60. Good condition, Call Scott at 523-5275,

Anyone with info on recent drug research, call Jim Kaiser at 483-4846.

Anyone with info on MCS please contact me, I need to know how to get in touch with them in order to form fan club. Also people who took pics of MC5 at Of Our Own. am willing to pay for negatives. MC5 is real! Pat—442-4618

"Mushroom Effect," A Directory of Women's Liberation, PO Box 6024, Albany, Ca 94706, 50 cents prepaid or 45 cents for 25 or more copies.

Jerry or Monroe: Contact Aian thru Switchboard Anyone really interested in a crafts commune...
If you're really into a craft (leather, pottery, etc)
and are interested in living in a commune in the
E. Texas forest area, call Carl at 521-9406.

Looking for a bass player and possible organ for a rock group. Call Dan-774-3461

Lost: Brack Scottish Terrier, named MacDuffy Preswick, 18 inches long. In Bellaire--West Univ area. Call Joe at 666-2913.

GE 40 watt stereo (portable), two 8" speakers, two 6" speakers, \$60. Good cond. Must sell. Call HO8-4087.

Beautiful Adler flute — \$115 value — on sale to a nice person, \$30. Call 522-9035 between 10 - 6.

Many of the 230 folks busted last week in Austin for suspicion of existence need \$\$ to pay fines and bail. Hurry, we need help from Houston sisters & brothers now. Mail to Coyote Trust Fund, 1908 Nueces, Austin, Texas.

Orchestra Freaks: Carravelle Double French Horn, 2 yrs old. Very good condition. \$275. Call 622-8780 weekdays only after 3 pm.

Needed: Ride to LA after Christmas, Will share expenses. Call Cal nites at 687-4253.

Frank "John the Baker" Griswold — Contact Ron Sin and write to Jean Sroce, 135 Driftwood, Seabrook, Texas.

Roberts stereo tape recorder, 8ig model, has everything on it, New, Professional, \$250, 1411 Palm, Russell,

Need artist(te) to contribute design of a Houston Female Liberation poster for local chapter of NOW Call Mareen Jasin at 923-1731 or write 4334 Polk 77023 if interested.

City of Minds needs people's help to form a commune for folks who want to get away from it all. If you have time or would like to be a part of it, call Connie at 442-5149 from 1 pm to midnite.

ASTROLOGY

Natal (and/or progressed) charts available by appointment. Also Tarot readings. E.F. Lacy III 4026 Bluebonnet 668-3107

GOOD USED CARPETS various sizes for dorm rooms, vans, pads, etc. \$15 each Clip this for surprise. WA6-9026

KORZYBSKI — Korzybski students wherever you are! "... the psychedelic values of GS are the moming glory seeds that have sprouted the whole 'make-love-not-war' generation. We're onto a whole new consciousness, a whole new electronic consciousness of abstracting thing, a collective consciousness in a common psycho-biosphere made of the soil, air and blood. That's what these communes are all about ... that's what we're all about." Write to us and we'll send you a copy of Roy Ald's book The Youth Communes. The Boston Society for GS, 6 Magnolia Street, Dorchester. Mass. 02125 KORZYBSKI - Korzybski students wherever you Dorchester, Mass. 02125.





directions

The purpose of all this is pretty simple. We don't know much about you, and you don't usually get much of a chance to tell us where your head's at. (There's also the more sinister motivation that advertisers are always bugging us to find out who really reads this stuff.)

So what we'.e got here is a bunch of questions that might (or might not) be useful to both of us. If you'd rather blow off the blanks and send us a letter, that's cool too.

You don't have to sign your name or your address or anything like that. In fact, you don't even have to tell the truth. That's the beauty of this census, absolutely free form. (Of course, it might be a little more useful to us if you did tell the truth.)

Anyway, it should be a trip to put all the responses together and see what comes out. We'll print the results in a couple of issues so you can see who reads this stuff too. That won't happen though unless a lot of you respond. If you're interested in seeing us do better stuff, or if you dig the way we're putting it together now, for the sake of the revolution, SIT DOWN AND BE COUNTED!

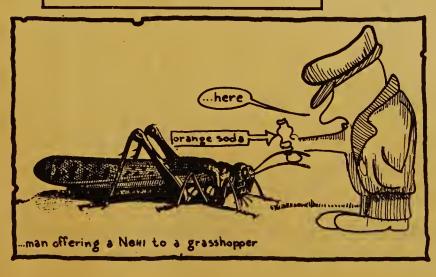
mail to:
1217 Wichita
Houston 77004

8
What percentage of the paper do you usually
read? All of it None of it
About half Other All
of the above
Is this the sort of newspaper you would be proud
to take home to your mother
What features do you like the best (be specific,
for example: Space-In, news stories, Dopers
column, analytical or interpretive articles, music
and other cultural, etc.)
What features do you like the least

1
Age Sex Occupation
Preoccupation
Approx. monthly income
Education (last grade completed)
Own a car Are you buying a house
Renting Living with you
parents Crashing
ZIP code

	If you were editing this paper, what sorts of
,	changes would you make?
	Do you think the paper is generally easy to read
	Hard to read Don't
	know, never tried
	Are articles too long
	Just right Too full of profanities
	Too full of bullshit
	Do you have any money you would like to give
	us

How often do you read Space City!? Subscribe	
Every issue Every	*****
other issue Every third or fourth	
Less often	
How do you get the paper? Newsstand or other	7
shop Street vendor	4
Steal it Find it lying	
in park	
How many people besides yourself read your	
copy of the paper	



	Approx. how many books do you read a month.
;	How many records do you buy
	How much do you spend on clothes
	Movies Concerts
	Restaurants Dope Revolu-
	tionary paraphernalia (sykedelik posters, bullets,
	underground newspapers, etc)
	Booze Can you think of anything
	else which you consume in sufficiently obscene
	quantity as to impress an advertiser
	Do you read the ads If yes, does
	reading the ads fill you with an insatiable desire
	to consume Do you yield to this
	insatiable desire Do you know what
	insatiable means

FREE CLINIC OPENS

SHARE WITH SONG AND SPEAKERS the opening of the CARL B: HAMPTON FREE CLINIC, 2B2B Dowling St., Thursday, Dec 17. Starts at 3 p.m.



MASTER DRAWINGS FROM CHATSWORTH, including drawings by Durer, Filippino Lippi, Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt Claude, Poussin and Callott. The exhibit assembled from the collections of the Dukes of Devonshire in Chatsworth opens Dec 16 and continues thru Jan 17 at the Museum of Fine Arts.

ABORTION COALITION STEERING COMMITTEE MEETING to build a statewide coalition to plan actions for January demanding legalized abortions, 10 a.m., Sat, Dec 12 at the U of H University Center. For more info call 665-8294 or 522-5776.

VARIETY SHOW, presented by the Latin American Students Organization, B p.m., Sunday, Dec 12, Auditorium 1, Arnold Hall, U of H. Admission: donation of \$1 or more.

GREATER HOUSTON CIVIC BALLET COMPANY, performing parts of Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite, 2:30 p.m. Sunday, Dec 12 at Kinkaid School near Memorial Drive. For ticket info, call 468-2386.

FREE CHOIR CONCERT, the first three parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, 7:30 p.m. Sunday, Dec 12 at St. Luke's United Methodist Church, 3471 Westheimer.

ANOTHER FREE CHOIR CONCERT, with Azaleigh Marginnis directing the Chancel Choir, Children's Choir and members of the Houston Symphony Orchestra and Chorale in Honegger's "Une Cantate de Noel." 7:30 p.m. Sunday, Dec 12 at St. Phillip Presbyterian Church, 4807 San Felipe.

CHARPENTIER'S "MAGNIFICAT" in Potpourri Number Four, B p.m., Sunday, Dec 12, Jones Hall, University of St. Thomas, Sul Ross at Yoakum. Also Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque instrumental music. Free.

RICE UNIVERSITY CHORALE, performing the warks of Buxtehude, Poulenc and Bach, B.p.m., Thursday, Dec 10 at Rice Memorial Chapel. Free.

ORCHESTRA PRO MUSICA, performing music by Mozart, Faure, Beethoven. B:30 p.m., Friday, Dec 11, Hamman Hall, Rice University. Free.

DOG SHOW: The Space City Doberman Pinscher Club holds its third fun match Sunday, Dec 13, at the Pasadena Plaza Mall. Pure bred Dobermans 3 months or older only.

BASKETBALL. University of Houston vs. Auburn at B p.m., Monday, Dec 21 at Hofheinz Pavillion.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH, a meeting of the Houston chapter at B p.m., Dec. 11, at the Mercantile Bank, 4010 S. Braeswood Blvd, near Stella Link Rd.

ESPIRITU INSTITUTE offers A.pha Brain Wave Demonstrations at 7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Dec 15 at 1214 Miramar, phone 528-3301. Admission free.

 Inlet Drug Crisis
 .526-7925

 Univ of Thought
 .526-1829

 ACLU
 .524-5925

 Space City!
 .526-6257

 Pacifica Hadio
 .224-4000

 VD Clinic
 .222-4201

Problem Pregnancy ... 523-335
Planned Parenthood ... 523-7419
MAYO 226-9963

SWITCHBOARD (new no.) 526-3666



TRIBAL CLEAN UP

THE RED COYOTE TRIBE has an office! But it needs a little fixing up, so everyone's invited to a clean-up party Sunday, Dec 12. Come in the early afternoon and bring cleaning supplies, paint, furniture, anything you can donate. The new office is located in a house at the corner of Albany and Dennis, just off Tuam. Join your sisters and brothers in revolutionary struggle against dirt and clutter. RED POWER TO THE RED COYOTES!!!



DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE, with Carrie Snodgrass, Richard Benjamin. Memorial Theater, Memorial Shopping Center, 465-525B JULIUS CAESAR, an all-star cast in an updated version of Shakespeare's classic. Winsor Theater, 5708 Richmond, 622-2650.

WUSA, with Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman at the Tower, 2101 Westheimer, 523-7307.

FIVE EASY PIECES, with Jack Nicholson. Worth seeing if you can stomach the Galleria. At the Galleria Cinema II, 626-4011. IMAGO, at the Alabama Theater, 2922 S. Shepherd, 522-5176. RABBIT, RUN, based on John Updike's book, just opened at the Majestic Theater, 908 Rusk, 223-7359.

UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON FILM SERIES

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY, B p.m., Dec 1B, MD Anderson Library. Admission 50 cents.

ON KUHT-TV CHANNEL B

Peter Brooks' film version of MARAT SADE on the NET Playhouse, 7:30 p.m., Dec 10 and 4 p.m. Dec. 13. Marat Sade was written by Peter Weiss.

GREGORY SALAZAR of Houston MAYO talks about the organization on YOUTH '70 at 6 p.m., Sunday, Dec 20.

THE MOTHER LOVER, "an outrageous comedy" by Jerome Weidman. B:30 p.m. Dec 16 thru 19, Southwest Theater Guild, 2419 Times Bivd. Tickets are \$2 public, \$1.50 students. For reservations call 52B-8B13 or 6684692 or charge at any Foley's store.



FONDA AT UH

JANE FONDA speaks on the war and the GI movement at B p.m., Thursday, Dec 10, Houston Room, University of Houston. Admission is \$1. All proceeds will go to the Oleo Strut GI Coffeehouse in Killeen, near Ft. Hood.



"FAR OUT WEEKEND NO. 2" at the UH Coffeehouse (old ROTC Bldg. off Wheeler) with solo guitarist PETE GORISCH Dec. 11, 12 and 13. LIGHNIN' HOPKINS will play Saturday, Dec 12, and DENIM will perform acoustical guitar arrangements. on Sunday, Dec 13. The Coffeehouse opens at 8 p.m. Admission is \$1 for students and \$1.25 to the public.

OF OUR OWN (University at Kirby in the Village)

DENIM, SKYROCKET (great new band from Austin) and LONE STAR, Saturday and Sunday, Dec 11 and 12. Admission \$2.

THE CHILDREN, SETH and LONE STAR, Dec 18 and 19. Admission \$2.

BALLIN' JACK pillow concert, 7:30 p.m. on into the morning, Friday and Saturday, Dec 11-12 at the New Promised Land, 3003 South Post Oak. Admission \$3.







DENIM : skyrocket

18&19

CHILDREN

LONE STARR